

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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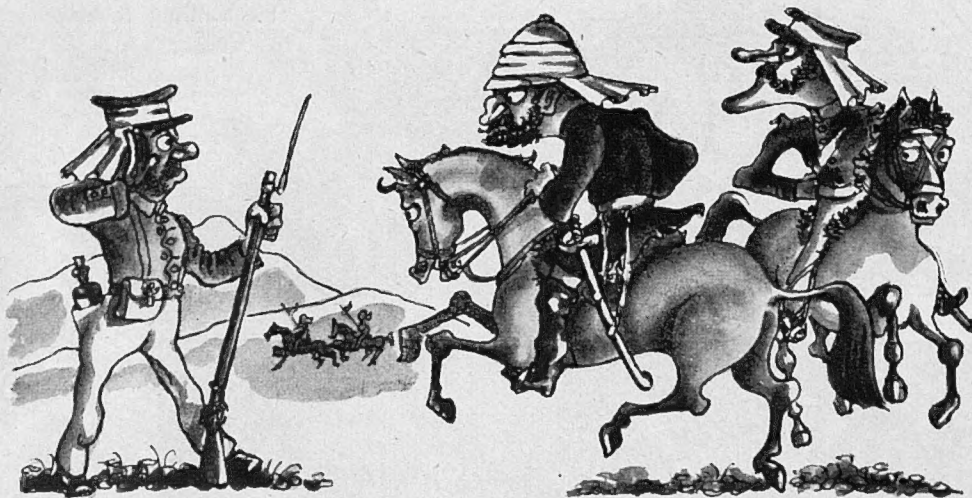
THE
TATLER
and
BYSTANDER



Hay Wrightson

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

Queen Mary will be eighty on Monday, and throughout this country and the Empire people will be thinking of her with love and respect, and wishing her well. Since her return to Marlborough House Her Majesty has continued to play a large part in public life and in all her activities still shows that energy and zest which have made her so beloved and admired



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

THE worst of the brou-ha-ha about the National Service Act seems to have passed off and there now remains not much more than dark mutterings from the wings and the dressing-rooms in which, it must be stated, the classic name of the Minister of Defence, Mr. Alexander, is chiefly heard. Those who are most intimately affected by the decision to reduce the period of service with the armed forces from eighteen to twelve months, have not so far been vocal; but without a doubt they are considerably cheered at the news.

The War Office, I hear, is anxious that they should not regard themselves as conscripts. What precisely there is in a name is arguable and certainly, within my own experience, it doesn't matter very much whether one is (or was) a volunteer, a militiaman, a man called-up from the reserve, a regular soldier or a national service man: the net effect is much the same once the uniform is on and the R.S.M.'s voice is to be heard. Boots and equipment appear to weigh much the same, route marches seem just as long and arduous and that charming little ballad entitled, "Waiting, Waiting, Waiting . . ." is sung with exactly the same amount of feeling and justice. However, if it will assuage any hard feelings this column will eschew "conscripts" as a description and substitute therefor "national service men"—and may the Lord have mercy upon their souls. Further to which pious hope, I should like to pass on to them some good advice.

Incautious Remark

IT originates not with me but with that great soldier, Sir Charles James Napier—born in Whitehall, by the way—to whom I am especially attached for two insignificant reasons (among all the significant ones): the first that he was a Greenjacket, which I had the honour to be, and the second that he brilliantly won the Battle of Meeanee (February 17, 1843), and thereby handed down the name to the barracks at Colchester where I spent some

tough O.C.T.U. training months at the beginning of the second World War.

In parenthesis, the following dialogue:

"Rifleman Fielding! your arms drill is a disgrace. Here we slope arms—not shoulder arms."

Rifleman Fielding: "More's the pity, since these barracks perpetuate the name of a battle won by a Greenjacket."

Instructor: "Silence! When you are required to give a lecture your name will appear in Company Orders, in the meantime—Sergeant! Take this man's name for idleness on parade, answering back a superior officer and failure to carry out a lawfully given order."

But to return to Napier—and the good advice. There was an occasion when a certain Irish private soldier wrote to him, and to this he replied as follows:

The General Writes

PRIVATE James N—y, I have your letter.

You tell me that you give satisfaction to your officers, which is just what you ought to do; and I am very glad to hear of it, because of my regard for everyone reared at Castletown, for I was reared there myself. However, as I and all belonging to me have left that part of the country for more than twenty years, I neither know who Mr. Tom Kelly is, nor who your father is; but I would go far in any day in the year to serve a Celbridge man; or any man from the barony of Salt, in which Celbridge stands; that is to say, if such a man behaves himself like a good soldier, and not a drunken vagabond like James J—e, whom you knew very well if you are a Celbridge man. Now, Mr. James N—y, as I am sure you are and must be a remarkably sober man, as I am myself, or I should not have got on so well in the world as I have done: I say, as you are a remarkably sober man, I desire you to take this letter to your captain, and ask him to show it to your lieutenant-colonel, and ask the lieutenant-colonel, with my best compliments, to have you in his memory;

and if you are a remarkably sober man, *mind that*, James N—y, a *remarkably* sober man, like I am, and in all ways fit to be a lance-corporal, I will be obliged to him for promoting you now and hereafter.

But if you are like James J—e, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double allowance of punishment, as you will deserve for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier, but not for a bad one.

Now, if you behave well, this letter will give you a fair start in life; and if you do behave well, I hope soon to hear of your being a corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me your well wisher.

Charles Napier.

Major-General and Governor of Sind (because I have always been a remarkably sober man).

National service men may well thank me for passing this on to them; none did as much for me, which may be one reason why non-commissioned rank for ever eluded and caused me envious moments, as it did the vast majority of those persons who, after Munich, enlisted in that section of the Queen's Westminsters (K.R.R.C.), known as Killanin's Light Unhorsed. As I recall it, only Frank Lawton, Guy Middleton and "Guinness" Crust attained stripes in those very early days. Is the inference then that these were remarkably sober men and the rest of us not so? Had these three—two of them actors and the third a solicitor—read great Napier's tenets? And were they (having done so) so greedy for office that the secret remained locked in their breasts? It were unkind to think so, even at this space of time.

Corrupting Stripe

AND yet, and yet—I wonder; for does not power corrupt? It seems to me that I can still see the secret smile upon the wholly cherubic face of Corporal Lawton F., as he detailed your correspondent to guard an especially abominable and stinking canal hard by Wormwood Scrubs Prison. And, pray, why did Sergeant Crust grin when he issued me with sand in lieu of soap wherewith to clean 167 greasy tin plates, well knowing that no hot water was available? The more I think upon it, the more am I convinced—now that I am afforded time for contemplation—that in high probability these were monstrous fellows. Would that they had further read the story of Napier, for surely then a little generosity might have seeped through the hard shell that clearly covered their withered hearts.

Think of Napier in the Peninsula receiving (at the Battle of Busaco), a dreadful wound which shattered his upper jawbone and caused him unspeakable agony both at the time of the extraction of the bullet and for many months afterwards. Such was his courage, his gaiety and elasticity of spirit that he offered a piece of his jawbone, which came away with the bullet, to a monk as a relic; he told the reverend gentleman that it was a piece of St. Paul's wisdom tooth which he had received from the Holy Mary in a dream, and demanded a fairish price for it. The monk, very ready to carry off the relic to his convent, balked at the price saying that he never gave money for relics, anyway. So the deal was off.

This was indeed a man. Why, at seventeen he broke his right leg jumping over a ditch



while out shooting. Making a further scramble to recover his gun he so aggravated the fracture that the surgeons were set to amputate the limb. For him this was terrible news, for he prided himself upon his legs; he resolved to commit suicide rather than submit to the mutilation and sent a servant out for a bottle of laudanum. However, there was a sudden change for the better in his leg and finally it grew to "as straight a one, I flatter myself, as ever bore up the body of a gentleman or kicked a blackguard"—but not before he had endured months of pain.

Tom Skulks Off

SINGULAR happenings are by no means confined to the police and divorce courts, the cinemas and film sets, Soho and environs, the baccarat tables, the Russian Zone in Germany nor yet the South Pole. This much is known to one and all. Nevertheless, I wish to speak of Tom Jones.

Here I do not refer to *Tom Jones*, written by that master, Henry, whose name I bear, but rather to my cat. This animal was born in a Chelsea bookshop some seven months ago, and was subsequently given to me (un-named) with the clearest possible assurances that it was of the male sex. It was never a cat of fine sensibilities; not a pleasant cat nor one that affection moved, softened and finally won over. This notwithstanding, I christened it (with powdered milk) Tom Jones, saw to its feeding, provided a splendid, felt-lined basket and

grumbled at it rarely. And, with what results? The interested reader may well ask—and with what results? The question must not remain unanswered a moment longer, and is as now follows: On the evening of the 10th of May, I was proceeding to my study when the telephone rang. I answered it, and was spoken to by my next door neighbour who said, "Congratulations upon the additions to your family." I replied, "Additions? Come, something is amiss. My lady is not expecting her next baby until November, and even then it is to be hoped that the singular and not the plural will apply." My neighbour then said, "I do not speak of your lady, of whose condition I was in any case, unaware until now, but of your cat, Tom Jones. He has just deposited six young in my tool shed, and I shall consider it an obligation if you will make arrangements to remove them and him."

Such are the facts. This base and treacherous creature, smirking slyly behind its mask of masculinity, answering blithely and with relish to the name of Tom and chuckling coarsely at its ill-considered deception, is now a mother—and, apparently, proud of it.

It is enough. The very place of its birth, a Chelsea bookshop, should have forewarned and armed me. But it did not, and now I am landed with this witches' brood. There is indeed little mercy in this hard and demanding age. The conviction stays with me that I have been "had" and, moreover, that in some way the Labour Government is mixed-up in it.

George Bilainkin.

VISITING MIDDLE EAST

TA'IF, NEAR MECCA.—Rich tapestries covering enormous walls vie in loveliness with silk cushions on the divans encircling the wide floor. The host is His Royal Highness, the Emir Feisal, Viceroy of Hejaz and Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia, second of the thirty-two sons of King Ibn Saud, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., ruler of that most important state, in this era of strategy and oil, in the Middle East.

By the Emir is the king's tall and handsome younger son, the Emir Mansour, Minister of Defence. Close by are senior court officials, led by the vigorous Sheik Ibrahim, all in full ceremonial dress. In attendance, too, is the revered Saudi Arabian Minister at St. James's for seventeen years, Sheik Sir Hafiz Wahba.

By the passage leading into the adjoining drawing-room sit two swarthy sword-bearers, and further away stand more armed guards. After the ceremony of drinking coffee, barefooted and solemn retainers offer milkless tea in two-inch high tumblers.

High doors open to reveal a garden in which a hundred electric bulbs transform every detail of the rose trees and plants near the long path to the table beneath the cloudless skies. Under the palm trees turbaned servants bring a succession of Western and Arabian dishes, the table being covered with a hand-woven silken cloth marked in the corners with the national colour, green. The cutlery bears an English firm's name, and the tumblers look English, too.

BETWEEN the courses the Emir speaks with candour and clarity of the problems of Arabia, now a leading member of the Arab League. Hejaz, vital portion of Arabia, owes much to the Emir's progressive notions, the result of eight journeys to Europe, the first a sight-seeing tour in 1919, when he was thirteen, and later four to the United States. In mountainous Ta'if, garden of Saudi Arabia, which is equally near Holy Mecca and Jedda, the pilgrims' port, his Highness keeps in close touch with international developments reported by wireless.

Receding now into dim history are battles that, twenty-five years ago, ceased with his courageous warrior father's victories. Reforms followed gradually, in a strict Wahhabi setting.

For the West perhaps the most important lesson is the power of the unifying force between Saudi Arabia and its neighbours. Thus, when I suggested a contrast in importance, from the Arab standpoint, between Anglo-Egyptian difficulties and the Anglo-Arab dispute over Palestine, the Emir promptly retorted, "Arabs see both as Arab problems." And the Arabs have an uncanny memory for Westerners' promises. . . .

SAUDI ARABIA covers an area ten times that of the British Isles, has an increasingly settled population of about five million. No longer does the state rely for revenue mostly on the £2a head levypaid by hundreds of thousands of Moslem pilgrims passing through Jedda. Oil deposits are being worked feverishly by alert Americans, a neighbouring gold mine is yielding precious ore, and soon other valuable exports will be available.

I wonder whether the West is fully aware of the speed with which the Middle East is awakening.



H.R.H. the Emir Feisal, Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia and Viceroy of the Hejaz



AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

Queen Mary, with the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent at the British Industries Fair at Earls Court. During their tour they visited the textile, leather and plastics sections and made several purchases. Afterwards a number of workers at the exhibition, cleaners among them, were presented to Her Majesty



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man from the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Martita Hunt in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Most entertaining satirical comedy by Ivor Novello on backstage life, with Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Power Without Glory (Fortune). Real life thriller with psychological angle and first-rate performances from all members of the cast.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Emlyn Williams and Frederick Leister.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist* and *Richard II*. with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton and Alec Guinness.

Tess of the d'Urbervilles (Piccadilly). The Bristol Old Vic Company with Wendy Hiller, Hugh Burden and William Mollison.

Peace Comes to Peckham (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

The Play's the Thing (St. James's). Molnar's amusing comedy with Clive Brook, Michael Shepley and Claud Allister.

My Friend Lester (St. Martin's). Richard Bird, Linden Travers and Charles Goldner in a murder mix-up, with some very funny moments.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

No Room at the Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Nauntun Wayne, Gabrielle Brune and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivien Ellis with Georges Gue'tary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever. **Oklahoma!** (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative and moves with typically transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

1066 and all That (Saville). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare in a much modernized and renovated revival of the humorous skit on England down the ages.



Sandra Mars (Ena Burrill), the leading lady, whose temperament, often outweighing her acting ability, tends to make her hold on her jobs precarious in a competitive world

At the

"We Proudly Present"

THE theatre likes to show an image of its town life, playgoers like to be taken behind the scenes, and since Mr. Ivor Novello, the self-appointed guide in this instance, is both amusing and knowledgeable all should be well.

Any who join the party without knowing Mr. Novello (there may still be a few of obscurantist upbringing who do not know Mr. Novello) should be warned that the tour will let them into no gruesome secrets. Now and then some gossipy little joke will cleverly pretend to sting some person of importance, but only a moment's reflection is needed to show that it is quite harmless. On the morning after the first night Mr. Novello could have lunched without the slightest embarrassment at the theatre's most fashionable restaurant.

FOR our guide behind the scenes is inclined to see his fellow artists as some of them are inclined to see themselves. They are a lot of dears—highly strung, of course, but also highly talented, given to temperamental orgies in rehearsal but usually "all right on the night"; naturally contemptuous of enthusiastic amateurs, but seeing to it that no harm shall come to these innocents, indeed pulling their silly chestnuts out of the fire for them by a breath-taking, last minute professional *tour-de-force*.

The vulgar, struggling, effusive, warm-hearted mummers Pinero depicted in *Trelawny of the Wells* have gone for ever; but all that was endearing in them survives, according to Mr. Novello, in their glossy successors. From this kindly view of the people with whom he works Mr. Novello pointedly excludes the financier who buys plays and leases theatres. Not even a light-hearted charade can be blind to his sins. He is shown to be as bad as any publisher. The mark of Cain is plainly visible on his forehead. And a mere amateur outwits the blackguard.

As a play this entertainment has, it must be owned, scarcely more to it than a happily inspired charade. A couple of enthusiasts rent



"Send for Franz, she save your bacon," the Teutonic operatic lady (Irene Handl) who insists on being Viennese



The Amateurs and the Old Hand. Bill Whittaker (Peter Graves) and John Pearson (Anthony Forwood) find they owe their livelihood to ex-actress turned secretary Phyl Perriman (Phyllis Monkman), who has no highbrow inhibitions and knows what the public likes

BACKSTAGE



ALTHOUGH theatrical business has been far from good of late there seems little doubt that *Oklahoma!* will repeat its American success in London, for already there have been bookings for Boxing Day at Drury Lane. It is taking £8,000 a week of which about £2,700 is paid out in entertainment tax—a comfortable regular inflow to the Treasury.

At every performance there are about a dozen curtain calls. Such enthusiasm astonishes the company, for New York audiences are never so demonstrative. It is unlikely that any of the artists will be replaced by British actors and actresses, for where are those capable of infusing the peculiarly native spirit into the production to be found? One might just as well expect Gielgud to substitute members of his company with American players during his stay in New York.

The best testimonial to the drawing powers of *Oklahoma!* that I have heard is that four dramatic critics booked seats immediately after the first night. "Such a thing has never happened before in my memory," said a veteran Drury Lane official. Nor in mine.

THE list of young American artists engaged in current productions will soon be increased by another interesting visitor in the attractive person of Betsy Drake who will be seen in *Deep are the Roots* which, presented by the Tennent firm, opens a prior-to-London tour at Brighton on June 2.

Miss Drake, who is only twenty-three, just missed playing in the New York production of James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau's play, but when Hugh Beaumont went over to see it he engaged her after only one audition. This will be her first appearance on the English stage but, an American born in Paris, she spent most of her young life travelling between Paris, London and New York.

Three coloured members of the New York company will accompany her, and the English artists engaged include Allen Jeayes and Patrick Burr.

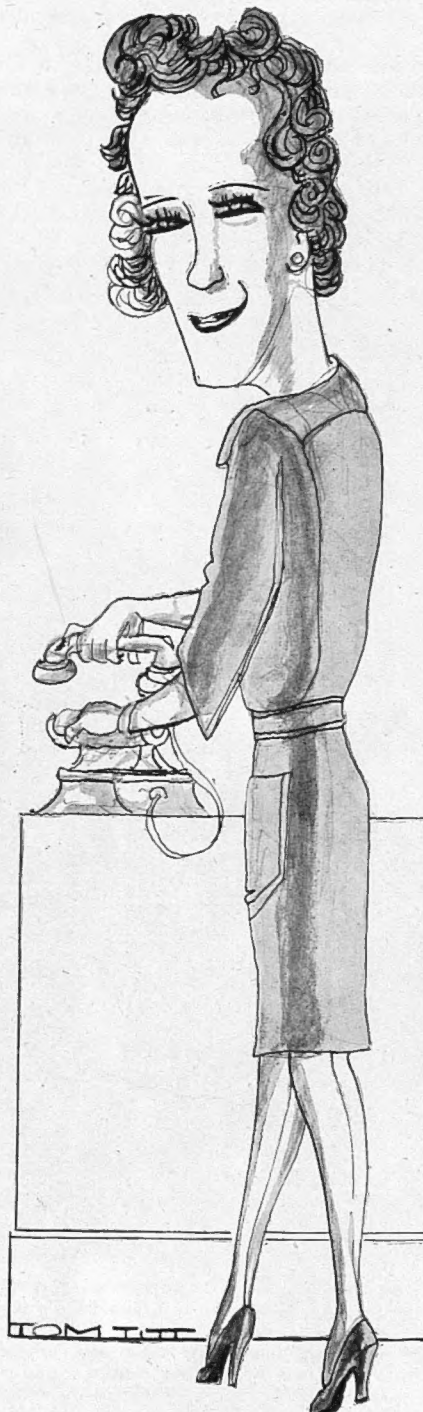
When, congratulating Freda Jackson on the first anniversary of *No Room at the Inn*, in which she gives such a vivid performance at the Winter Garden, I expressed the hope that there would be a second anniversary, she replied, "I'm afraid there won't be. Jack Hylton in association with Lee Shubert and John Golden plan to present me in it on Broadway in the autumn. The next play in which you will see me in the West End will be *The Lady of the Camellias*, for which a new dramatization is being prepared."

BRIGHTON's new Dolphin Theatre, a converted cinema, will see the first production on Saturday of Peter Blackmore's *Ultramarine*, a play in which the leading lady is a mermaid. It will be interesting to see how Genine Graham plays this novel character. She has red hair and green eyes, which should be just right for the seductive role.

While casting the comedy Linnit and Dunfee were concerned about finding a suitable actress for the part. It was just by chance that Miss Graham, a London girl of twenty-two, who has been for two years with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, happened to look in in search of a job. Immediately someone said, "There's your mermaid," and she was engaged on the spot.

Nora Swinburne, Ronald Ward and Joan Haythorne are others in the cast. After the Brighton opening *Ultramarine* goes to the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, on the way, it is hoped, to the West End.

PLAYGOERS will recall that *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, which the Old Vic Trust and Arts Council are presenting for a short season at the Piccadilly with Wendy Hiller as the hapless heroine, had a week's run at the New last November while the Old Vic company was in Paris. The new adaptation was made by Ronald Gow, Wendy Hiller's husband. The rest of the company, headed by Hugh Burden as Angel Clare and Henry Mollison as Alec d'Urberville, is new.



Phyl Perriman (Phyllis Monkman), turns with willing heart to the typewriter and telephone when the footlights fail her with the years

Theatre

(Duke of York's)

derelict theatre with the whole of their small capital. They are fortunate enough to come across Miss Phyllis Monkman, a hard-bitten actress turned manageress, who protects them from the grosser impositions laid upon their open-hearted innocence but is powerless to save them from their own determination to raise the current standard of theatrical taste. They will present a particularly fog-bound intellectual drama or perish in the attempt.

THEY very nearly do perish, but at the last moment their impossible leading lady shuts them out of their own theatre and by rehearsing night and day changes the intellectual drama into a rip-roaring farce. And, needless to say, there is as much difficulty in getting the audience out of the theatre as there was on the first night of *Oklahoma!* at Drury Lane.

But it is also needless to say that Mr. Novello is trusting all the while less to his powers of story-telling and less to his knowledge of theatrical life than to his flair for an amusing line and his skill in arranging deft little burlesques which put well-known types in a telling light.

HE is admirably served by his company. Miss Ena Burrill beautifully renders the impossibility of the leading lady, showing her up in all her fluent absurdity yet leaving us in no doubt that she can act as well as she can "vamp" her leading man. Miss Irene Handl is a delight whenever she appears as the great German actress flying the Austrian flag who has gone to fat but lost nothing of her overwhelming vitality. She is first and foremost a singer, but all that need be done is to introduce a piano into the fog-bound intellectual drama and she will do the rest. The result will be a triumph "out of all whooping."

Mr. Novello's piece is not perhaps quite that, but it is successful within its self-imposed limitations, and to its success Miss Monkman's slanging matches with the leading lady make a solid contribution.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Beaumont Newhall

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

An Open Letter to Laurence Olivier



"Panique" the brilliant French film at the Rialto is directed by Julian Duvivier and taken from the novel by Georges Simenon. Michel Simon is seen above in one of the leading parts

DEAR LARRY,

I read recently in some gossip column that you are going to turn Hamlet into a dizzy blond. I can't think that Irving or Forbes-Robertson would have envisaged the moody Dane looking like a principal boy at the Grand Theatre, Sunderland. Are you going to give him gold curls like Little Lord Fauntleroy? I shall hate this, but would go to the stake to defend your right to portray the Prince as you see him. After all, some Danes are blond. Then, are you going to make him fat, for

which the text offers ample justification? I shall grieve if to the eye you look like Florrie Ford as I remember her at Douglas, I.O.M. Even so, my strong right arm will be still raised in your defence. Hamlet was fat.

WHAT does perturb me very much is that you intend to portray Hamlet *père* in the poisoning scene in the orchard, and afterwards the Ghost. I may, of course, have been misinformed. But if I am not, I do beg you, Larry, to reconsider this. I know it will give your fans, who won't know whether you're playing Titus Andronicus or Cymbeline, three impersonations for the price of one. But I do assure you that any doubling of parts in any play has always, for me, completely destroyed the illusion. Irving in *The Lion's Mail*? I would infinitely have preferred to see him as Lesurques one night and as Dubosc the next. I remember how I used to watch for the moment at the end when the villainous Dubosc, hidden in the crowd, was hustled through the door, thus permitting the saintly Lesurques to appear. This, to me, completely killed the play; one was reduced to the level of the spectator at one of Dante's shows, trying to detect the exact moment at which that great illusionist, playing the barber, changes places with the man who is being barbered. This is not the kind of illusion I look for in *Hamlet*. I won't labour the point beyond asking what you intend to do with the Ghost's line

"Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me."

Are you going to change places with some dummy who has been lying face downwards? Which gives me an idea. Don't you think that when the Ghost vanishes, Hamlet should be lying on his back, which makes "O all you host of heaven!" perfectly natural because the first thing he sees when he opens his eyes is the galaxy of stars? Whereas, if he is lying prone he can only see them through the back of his neck.

I read further that you are going to give the whole of Hamlet's voyage to England. Is this going to be in dumb-show? Or could I with one guess unkennel the modern Ireland whose pastiche of Shakespeare will prevent us from taking Hamlet, fingering Guildenstern and Rosencrantz's packet, extracting Claudio's commission and re-writing it, for an earlier Artful Dodger being clever with handkerchiefs.

I CONFESS that the notion of making a film out of this play in any other way than photographing a stage performance both infuriates me and excites me. *I should like to do*



"The Yearling" has its première on May 29 at the Empire, Leicester Square, and the proceeds go to the Printers' Pension Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation. The child star of the picture is Claude Jarman, Jr., aged ten, who is seen with the fawn "Flag." The story of the film is of his friendship with the fawn, and also of his family's desperate struggle for existence in the Florida wilderness. The other leading parts are played by Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman

it myself. I should like to explain to the audience how it comes about that Horatio, when he goes to meet Hamlet at the railway station, never tells him that his girl friend is dead. Shakespeare's real reason, of course, was the dramatic one of allowing Hamlet to listen to half the funeral ceremony without knowing who is being buried. But surely if we read carefully enough we shall see that Shakespeare left a five per cent chance that Horatio, when he met Hamlet, did not know about Ophelia's end. In this way: The sailors hand Horatio a letter from Hamlet beginning "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him." And continuing "Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am." Whereupon Horatio says to the sailors

"Come, I will make you way for these your letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them."

THREE minutes more playing-time and then a messenger arrives bearing the sailors' letters given him by Claudio, to whom, apparently, Horatio had entrusted them. Follows another seven minutes before the Queen enters with the news of Ophelia's death. Seven plus three makes ten, and it looks to me that Horatio, rushing to meet Hamlet as though death were in pursuit, had left the court long before those ten minutes were up. What I want to know is whether all this is design on Shakespeare's part or just accident. Also whether Ophelia was buried on the same day on which she was drowned, and if not, where did Hamlet and Horatio spend the night. If your film elucidates some of these points, I shan't care if Hamlet's *chevelure* burgeons into tangerine tufts and billows à la Dorothy Ward.

Yours ever,

JIMMIE

P.S. Do you know an article by F. C. Burnand written in 1884, ending "If ever there was a showy, blustering, vile, mean-spirited, cowardly skunk in all the range of drama, it is this wretched son of Pecksniff Polonius called Laertes." What about filming this? I have the article and can let you see it.

PANIQUE (Rialto). Duvivier's film about mass-apprehension and the terror-stricken cruelty of the mob just makes nonsense of everything seen over here during the last six months. Here are real people and the authentic atmosphere of a Paris suburb. Good performances by Paul Bernard and Viviane Romance, and a masterpiece of acting by Michel Simon which makes our Hollywood and Thames Valley stars look like hired waiters about to tell you they are going now and hope everything has been all right.



Crazy Gang members, Gus Naughton, Bud Flanagan, and Nervo and Knox, conduct the auction in their own inimitable manner



Viscountess Jowitt, who was chairman of the ball, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Wynn-Williams

The Royal Navy and Merchant Navy Ball

Attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent



Lady Rootes, Sir William Rootes, Miss M. Harris, Mr. Rex Benson, Miss Rosemary Kerr and Lady Phyllis Allen



Two of the guests were Mr. Morley Kennerley and Mrs. Harry Proctor. The ball was held at the Dorchester



Capt. R. Maddox and Miss Winifred Ditcham were sitting out between dances



Lord Stanley of Alderley and Mrs. Harrington Butler. Lord Stanley is the sixth Baron and succeeded in 1931



H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, seen here with Noel Coward, at the ball, which was in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors



A TASK WELL AND TRULY DONE

The Nation Greet the Royal Family at Westminster After Their Great Tour



The Brazilian Chamber of Commerce Dinner



Mrs. Hugh Dalton, Dr. J. J. Moniz de Aragao, the Brazilian Ambassador, Viscountess Greenwood and Mr. Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer



Mrs. Fortescue Whittle, Mrs. Hore-Belisha, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, and in the foreground H.E. Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao



H.E. Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao, Viscount Greenwood and Viscountess Davidson, O.B.E., M.P. for Hertford (Hemel Hempstead Division)



The Hon. Mrs. J. V. Perowne, who is a sister of Viscount Allendale, Viscount Davidson and Lady William Percy



Capt. J. Delmege, Mrs. Percy Wright, Lt.-Col. Gurney, Lt.-Col. C. Heber-Percy (Joint-Master), Sir James Walker, Mrs. Heber-Percy, Mrs. Delmege and Lady Walker



Sir Henry Tate, Bt., of Gallsfaenan, Denbigh (Joint-Master), Mr. R. W. Gossage and Lady Tate



Guests assembled for the auction of a Shetland pony, which was eventually sold for £85

Photographs by Jalmar

The Cottesmore Hunt Ball



TATLER
STANDER
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A Country Club Since Pre-War Days, Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray

Lieut.-Col. R. P. Spencer, Miss Ann Wood, Mrs. William Rollo, Mrs. H. Lezard, Colonel L. A. H. Wright, Mrs. Robert Spencer, Mrs. R. Farquhar, Captain William Rollo, Mrs. L. A. H. Wright, Miss Margaret Maxwell. Standing are Captain E. O. Crosfield, Captain J. M. Wilson, Mr. A. Rollo

Mrs. J. Vaughan, Lady Pilkington, Captain W. R. Bailey, owner of the club, Major-General J. Vaughan and Sir Arthur Pilkington. Sir Arthur, who is the thirteenth baronet, succeeded his father in 1944

THIS year the private view of the Royal Academy at Burlington House was even more crowded than usual, but I thought there were fewer somberos and sandals, still faithfully adhered to by many of the artistic fraternity, mingling among the visitors. There was a big crowd all day around the two small pictures painted by Mr. Winston Churchill. I noticed the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, mother of Captain Christopher Soames, who married Mr. Churchill's youngest daughter in February, taking a keen interest in these pictures. Mrs. Rhys, looking very nice in a pale-blue hat and a mink coat, was later sitting on one of the settees talking to Lady Dalrymple Champneys, who was looking much better for her change in the South of France, but told me she is still under doctor's orders and on a strict diet.

Sir Alfred Munnings, President of the Royal Academy, was meeting many friends with Lady Munnings in the first gallery, where his lovely painting "Saddling Paddock—Cheltenham March Meeting" hangs. This picture and his "Sketch of a Newmarket Start," which hangs in Gallery III., were both sold within ten minutes of the show opening to Mr. Walter Hutchinson for his collection of sporting pictures. It is good to know they will not be leaving the country. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress came in the morning to see Sir Bracewell Smith's portrait painted by Henry Carr. On their way in Sir Bracewell and Lady Smith stopped to talk to Lady Munnings. Lord Aberdare was another morning visitor: he had just heard he was a grandfather, by the birth of a son and heir that morning to his eldest son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce. The Marquis de Santa Cruz, who, in the absence of the Spanish Ambassador, is in charge at the Spanish Embassy, was going round the galleries with his very attractive wife.

ANOTHER couple I saw looking at the pictures together were Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye. Lady Balfour was Miss Mary Profumo before her marriage. Baroness de Worms I met with her daughter Violet; Mr. Hore-Belisha was another morning visitor with his attractive, tall wife, and Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Lady Seton-Karr and Lady Cohen were also there. Two young girls I met enjoying the pictures were Miss Angela Darling, who is working with Sir Gerald Kelly, R.A., and Miss Marshall. In the afternoon, which was just as crowded, I met Lady Shakespeare, looking very chic in purple, trying to wend her way through to see the pictures; the Hon. Max Aitken came with his pretty wife, and the Hon. Arthur Howard with his very attractive daughter Kiloran, who looked nice in a fawn corduroy coat and cherry-red cap. Another Member of Parliament I met was Cdr. Allan Noble, the Member for Chelsea, with his wife, whose portrait by Flora Lion is among the exhibits. Others I saw were Viscountess Vaughan with the Venezuelan Ambassador's daughter, Señorita

Carmen Rodriguez, Viscountess Jowitt, Mr. Stuart Hill, Sir Harry Brittain, Mr. Maurice Codner, and Miss Isabel Jeans with Miss Flora Lion, who painted her portrait which hangs in Gallery VII.

Among portraits I liked were the charming picture of Lady Brownlow wearing a red velvet jacket and painted by Simon Elwes, a very good portrait of Lord Willoughby de Broke painted by T. C. Dugdale, and Cathleen Mann's picture of Mrs. Graves. One of the biggest pictures is Colin Colahan's painting of the Countess of Shrewsbury in a long dress, with her sister, Mrs. Heber-Percy, and their children in clothes varying from cotton frocks to riding kit.

THE London season is officially considered opened every year with the private view of the Royal Academy, but this year it did not really get going until ten days later with the return to London of the Royal family, on the anniversary of the Coronation, from their tour of South Africa. The whole country welcomes the safe return home of their Majesties and the two Princesses from this trip to one of the farther corners of the Empire, which entailed so many thousands of miles of travel by sea, land and air.

Besides the two official garden-parties at Buckingham Palace on May 28th and June 10th, when the presentations made will count as a "presentation at Court" did in pre-war days—these are the first official presentations to be made since 1939—this year the season includes fixtures we have not seen for several years. The Chelsea Flower Show, which opens to-day, returns to its pre-war home in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea; the impressive ceremony of Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards' Parade and the Royal Richmond Horse Show (three days) are on June 12th, and the same day we see the first post-war Royal Tournament at Olympia.

Then, though not in London, but always part of a season, there is the first post-war May week at Cambridge, with the balls starting on June 9th. The highlight of these Cambridge balls will be the 600th birthday ball on June 10th at Pembroke College, which was founded in 1347. The gardens of the college will be lit and there will be about 600 guests. Commemoration week

returns to Oxford after a gap of seven years and starts on June 23rd with the Magdalen ball. The majority of the students in residence to-day at both Universities are ex-Servicemen from the Navy, Army and R.A.F. Other social and sporting dates in the next three months include the Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House on June 2nd, the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton, the Oaks at Epsom the following day and the Derby at Epsom on June 7th; this is the first time the Derby has been run on a Saturday at Epsom.

ROYAL ASCOT starts for four days on June 17th; the Glyndebourne Festival at the fine modern theatre in the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. John Christie's lovely Sussex home runs from June 19th to July 12th, the All England Lawn Tennis Championships start at Wimbledon on June 23rd; the Royal Windsor Horse Show on June 26th to 28th, and Henley Royal Regatta starts on July 2nd. The International Horse Show at the White City, where this year, I hear, there will be teams from five foreign countries competing in the Jumping Competitions, starts on July 7th; the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's, which is always more of a social gathering than a cricket match except for the twenty-two players, takes place on July 11th and 12th.

The following week we see the first post-war Eclipse Stakes at Sandown on July 18th, then there comes the Aldershot Horse Show on July 25th and 26th, and the month ends with Glorious Goodwood, which starts on the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's lovely racecourse in Sussex on July 29th. Then to Cowes or Dublin, and on to Scotland in time for the Twelfth.

These are only dates I have picked out at random, and besides numerous other public functions during the next three months, there are to be many private dances this season, more about which I will write at a later date.

I WENT to a most delightful "At Home" the other day at the Dowager Lady Swaythling's house in Kensington Court. Her friends all look forward to these parties, as Lady Swaythling is such an exceptionally kind person and a charming hostess; she has that wonderful, and

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL



Has a Reopening Party

Lady Daresbury and her son, the Hon. Edward Greenall, who is Lord Daresbury's son and heir. Lady Daresbury is a sister of Major-Gen. Sir Robert Laycock, of Combined Operations fame

Major-General Vaughan speaking at the opening ceremony. He is the former owner of the club, which was in the hands of the military during the war

Harlip
Miss Sheila Thomas is the daughter of Lord Nuffield's Vice-Chairman, Sir Miles Thomas. She is taking her medical degree at Oxford, and after that will study at Bart's

JOURNAL

owadays rare, gift of remembering names—have never known her hesitate or make a mistake.

Among the early arrivals were the High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Robertson, talking to Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, who told me she was going on to dine at the French Embassy; Lady Rumbold, who lives in one of the two houses at Kew which are in the gift of H.M. the King (the second one is occupied at the moment by the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke), was with a group of friends, including Sir Hugh and Lady Turnbull, who were enjoying some of the delicious little savoury delicacies and miniature mince-pies, all home-made by the hostess's cook.

I saw many members of the Diplomatic Corps at the party, including the Turkish Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. de Labougle, Mme. Verduynen, the Minister for Ecuador, the Colombian Ambassador, the Uruguayan Ambassador chatting to Mrs. Arnold, who does so much at the South American Centre in London, the Brazilian Ambassador, and the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen, who have quickly made many friends in London since they succeeded M. and Mme. Colban in November of last year. The Luxembourg Minister was there with his good-looking wife, Mme. Clasen, who is British by birth, and they were chatting to their hostess about her forthcoming visit to Luxembourg. An interesting American guest was Commissioner Allen of the Salvation Army, who is a leading figure in that organisation in the United States. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain was meeting many friends, as were Lady Cynthia Colville, who is Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary, Lady Grant, who had come up from Hampton Court Palace, and Lady Baddeley.

Among others I saw in the big crowd of guests were Sir Guy and Lady Nott Bower—he is departmental secretary of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, and must have a trying time these days with endless enquiries over the situation—Sir Ronald and Lady Cross with one of their daughters, Miss Felicity Attlee with a group of young friends, Sir Charles and Lady Wingfield, Brig. and Mrs. Graham, two delightful Canadians living over here, the Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington, Lord Samuel, who

looked in for a short while, Sir Geoffrey Peto, Mme. Phang and Canadian-born Sir Campbell Stuart. Also I noticed members of the French Embassy, some Australians living over here, and a lot of U.S. naval officers who are stationed in London and always find a great welcome in this hospitable home.

LADY WALERAN is the chairman for the première of *The Yearling*, to be given at the Leicester Square Theatre on May 29th in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation—a wonderful cause which has been going on for 120 years and does an untold amount of good, especially helping the poorest widows, one of whom, helped by the fund for forty years, has just celebrated her 100th birthday. It is hoped she will be at the première. This film is in Technicolor and tells the story of a family's struggle for existence in the Florida scrub country. There are wonderful scenes of animals taken in their natural haunts. Tickets for this première, which range from 10s. 6d. to 10 guineas, can be had from Lady Waleran at 79, Davies Street, W.

THE Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Feid-el-Hussein received the guests at the reception to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of H.M. King Faisal II. As was to be expected, there was a big gathering of the Diplomatic Corps. The Saudi Arabian Ambassador, picturesque in his national robes, was chatting at a table with the Syrian Minister; H.E. the Chinese Ambassador, with Mme. Cheng Tien-hsi, was sitting at another table with a party, and Lady Abingdon, very chic in black with a little black feathered cap, was greeting many friends. A little further on I met her sister, Lady Loraine, who was walking with a stick; her husband, Sir Percy Loraine, was meeting numerous friends he made in the Middle East during the many years he served in the Diplomatic Corps out there.

Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, who were the centre of another group of friends, were just on their way down to their country home at Berkhamsted. The Ethiopian Minister came in for a short while, and was with a group of friends which included Sir John Monck, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps; Mr. Lewis Jones, who is the American Adviser on Middle East affairs at the U.S. Embassy, was there with his charming wife, and Miss Rosalind de Ramirez, looking attractive in blue, was telling friends how she was looking forward to taking up her new duties in the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's household. For some years she was in charge of young King Faisal's education, and now goes to St. James's Palace to help Prince William.

For your engagement book: the second night of J. B. Priestley's new play, *Ever Since Paradise*, is being given at the New Theatre on June 5th, in aid of St. Pancras Nursery Schools and the Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund.



Miss Angela Cross, eldest daughter of Sir Ronald Cross, Bt., returned from Australia in April. She stayed on after her parents to graduate at Melbourne University



Pearl Freeman
The Hon. Mary Clare Douglas-Scott-Montagu is the third daughter of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie. She is studying at the Institut Français in London and came out last year

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

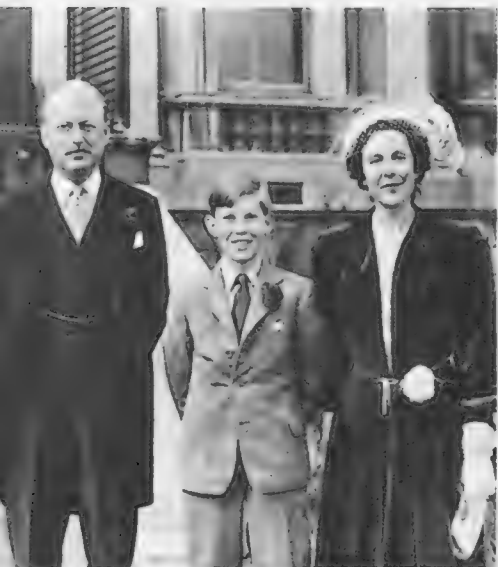


The bride with her two children, Ann and Gavin Tweedie. Mrs. Tweedie was the widow of Major Hugo Tweedie, Scots Guards, and is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Francis Scott. Her wedding with Major Smiley, Royal Horse Guards, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Stenebe

WEDDING OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S COUSIN

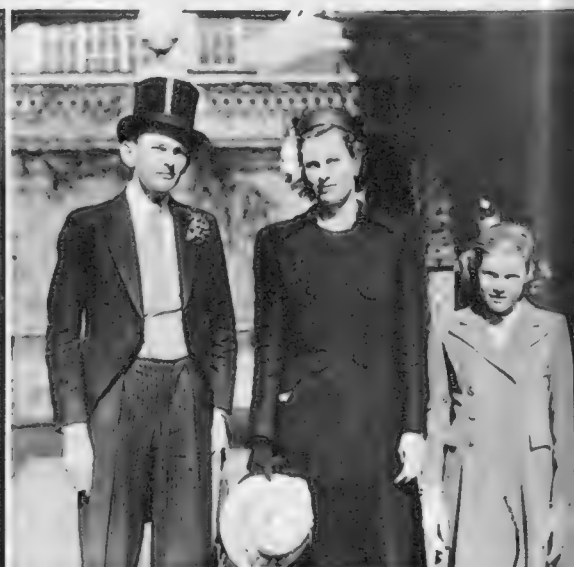
Major David de Crespigny Smiley, M.C., and Mrs. Hugo Tweedie



Sir Hugh Smiley, eldest brother of the bridegroom, Lady Smiley, and their son, John Smiley



Colonel the Hon. J. J. Astor, in whose house the reception was held, and Mrs. Michael Crichton



Lady Victoria Scott, sister of Earl Haig, and her two children, Douglas and Henrietta



Major Gerard Leigh, Lady Roderic Pratt, Mrs. Gerard Leigh and Lord Roderic Pratt, brother of Marquess Camden



Mr. Harry Middleton, Mrs. Diana Barnato Walker and Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton, who married the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley in January



Miss Ann Stanning, Mrs. J. F. Yeatman, Mrs. Hubert Buxton and Mrs. Hughes Young, from Kenya, where Lord Francis Scott is a prominent resident



H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester talking to a guest at the reception. The Duke of Gloucester was also present



The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch leaving the church. The Duke is a cousin of the bride



The Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock, who were married in February, with Lady Ebury (left)



Mrs. Arthur Crichton and Viscountess Hampden, aunt of the bride



Valerie Lady Smiley, mother of the bridegroom, and Lord Francis Scott, the bride's father, with Major and Mrs. Smiley



At Ireland's Great 'Chasing Fixture—the Kildare Hunt Races at Punchestown

Lady Cusack-Smith (centre), Master of the Birmingham and North Galway Hounds, talking to Major and Mrs. Michael Beaumont

Lord and Lady Decies, who have an estate in Eire. Lady Decies recently registered her racing colours in Ireland

Captain C. R. Radclyffe, late Scots Greys, and Lady Helena Hilton-Green, youngest sister of Earl Fitzwilliam

Mrs. John Alexander, former Master of the Limerick Hounds, and Viscountess Adare, wife of the Earl of Dunraven's son and heir

Michael Killanin An Irish Commentary

A Theatre Pioneer . . . Napoleon's Warder . . .

"Happy Irish!" . . . The R.H.A. Exhibition



"Robin," a head by the young Cork artist Seamus Murphy, at the R.H.A. Exhibition in Dublin

I AM writing this commentary from Paris, seated under the shade of leafy chestnut trees and with the smell of lilac continually in the air; and so I will write of France and Ireland. The bi-weekly Aer Lingus service from Dublin to Paris is most practical, and I found myself last Sunday lunching in Paris only a few hours after eating eggs and bacon in Ireland.

One of our fellow-travellers was Mr. Terence Gray, who went off to Long-champs from the 'plane. Gray, with his square-cut beard, has been a familiar figure in Dublin in recent years. I first knew

him some fifteen years ago when he was director and proprietor of the Festival Theatre, Cambridge. This theatre—now, I think, empty—was one of the first of the little theatres and Gray one of the pioneers of modern theatrical production. In those days the theatre's lighting and panoramas were the most up-to-date in England, whilst no expense was spared in the production. Not only are the many productions recalled with gratitude by undergraduates of the late 1920's and early 1930's, but also the restaurant, cellar and bar (not to mention the green beer).

Gray had a house, which he recently sold, outside Dublin, and now once again he lives at his home in the Drôme, where he has vineyards. Besides his interests in the theatre, racing and wine, he has devoted much time to genealogy, and in recent years has been working at Dublin Castle on the coats-of-arms of the old Irish families.

ONE's journey ends at the air terminus at the Invalides. As I looked at the great dome under which Napoleon rests, I could not help thinking of the modest tomb of one of his warders in the West of Ireland in the little old

cemetery of Killanin, besides Lough Ross. Here there is the tomb of one Major Poppleton, who guarded Napoleon at St. Helena. Poppleton married a Miss Martin, of Ross House, and hence his burial in the west. His square tomb in the overgrown churchyard is a strange comparison to that of his prisoner.

It was from Ross, a Georgian house standing beside a lake, that Violet Martin came. She took as her *nom-de-plume* "Martin Ross," a name now perpetuated in Irish literature with that of Dr. Somerville, who lives in County Cork. They recorded an aspect of Irish life (many do not like to admit it) which will be of great value as a social report in years to come.

IN Paris one is continually coming across Irish associations and links. One evening when I was dining at a small restaurant, an itinerant musician came in to play *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* on a zither. This musician, one Georges Markovitch, a Serbian, told me that he was taught this tune by an Irish officer at Salonica in World War I. Then I found myself listening to Maurice Thorez at the Labour Day demonstrations in the Place de la Concorde. One of the few uniforms I saw (other than police) was that of an Irish Guardsman, also watching the procession (if he could see through his cap-peak, which was pulled down over his eyes in the usual fashion).

Among others I saw was Frank MacDermot, the ex-Farmer Party leader and later a Senator. He now represents a London Sunday paper in Paris, and lives in a flat on the St. Louis. As I write, he is visiting Dublin. I had noticed before leaving Dublin that a £20 prize had not been awarded at a Dublin quiz because no one knew the names of the four Ministers then attending the Moscow Conference. I must admit I was a little shocked when Frank MacDermot told me this had been reported in the French Press, and one paper carried the headline "Heureux Irlandais!"

ON my way through Dublin to Paris I was able to look on for a moment at two interesting exhibitions. One was that of the London School at Waddington's new gallery, and the other was the Royal Hibernian Academy's annual exhibition. The first show gave Dublin some idea of the contemporary development of art in the English capital, and besides the works of such well-known people as John Piper, Stanley Spencer and Frances Hodgkin, we found Felix

Topolski, the Polish artist, represented by some of his wartime pictures. At the Academy I noted the pictures of two Irishmen who have died recently. One was a pencil drawing of F. J. McCormick, the Abbey actor who died last month, by Sean O'Sullivan. This well-drawn head was a fitting tribute to McCormick, who will not only be sadly missed by Dublin theatregoers, but also by filmgoers all over the world. The other head was of Sean Kavanagh (or Sean Og, as he was known). Kavanagh, one of several talented brothers from Kerry, was a leading figure among those interested in the retention and revival of the Irish language. This head was by Harry Kemoff, a Dublin artist and Academician who specialises in gaily-coloured and simplified Irish street scenes.

The Irish Academy appeared less crowded with pictures this year, but with the exception of Yeats' work, the chief interest centred on the portraits. In Dublin the portraits perhaps most discussed were Keating's "Bishop of Limerick" and O'Sullivan's "Mrs. De Valera" and "Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd." The latter is the wife of Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P., and a daughter of Lord Iveagh. But before leaving the Academy I must mention a small head sketched in oils by Noirin Ni Cuill. This small painting of a girl struck me as most interesting, and I shall watch for works by this artist in future.

I could not help wondering (and still do) why a rather disappointing floral still life by the late Mark Gertler, painted in 1924, was included in the Academy. I am an admirer of Gertler and own a self-portrait by him, but if it is the intention of the Academy to include works by deceased non-Irish artists, I feel it would be best to separate them from the main exhibition.



Breda O'Donoghue, eighteen years old, of Cork, made the bronze figure of W. B. Yeats which she exhibited



Priscilla in Paris

The Boulevards Again

PARIS is a thoroughly feminine city. Turn your back on her for a few days and when you return you will find that she has dressed herself in a completely new attire, from her gaily-flowered hat to her flimsy summer shoes. This occurred to me on the evening of my return by the Golden Arrow after a wonderful journey and easy Channel crossing, on which I enjoyed my last cup of English-brewed tea and satisfying currant cake, despite the heavy seas. The chestnut-trees were in bloom, lilac flowered in the gardens, and the Place du Carrousel was a mass of colour.

Next day was the Labour Holiday. Had I remembered this I would have remained twenty-four hours longer in my beloved London, for Paris, in the quiet *arrondissements*, was like a dead city. Everything closed. Theatres, cinemas, wine-shops, restaurants (except in the big hotels). No taxis. No omnibuses after a certain hour and, at 3 p.m., the Métro stopped for a couple of hours, throwing out the passengers wherever they might happen to be, despite the fact that they had paid their fare.

Great masses of people, having nothing else to do, gathered at the Place de la République and sauntered along the *grands boulevards* to watch the "Internationale"-chanting paraders go by.

WHILE I was in London Mr. and Mrs. Hollebone kindly took me to dine at a (to me) new club. I found it delightful with its somewhat *Grand-Guignolesque* - cum - country-mansion décor, pleasantly subdued lights (so agreeable when one is getting on in years), and fresh salmon (we only get our fish in tins over here, *when we get it!*), crisp, young spring onions and cheese.

Another marvellous meal I had was at the Martinez *aperitivo Andaluz*, also unexplored ground to me, and where I foolishly said I would like a cocktail but was introduced instead to a glass of Xéréz (in English, sherry) of M. Negri's own special bin. This was, as the French say, "*de derrière les fagots*," or, more picturesquely still: "*le bon Dieu en culotte de velours*!" It was followed by omelette with pimentos and *finest herbes* and *coupe-Jacques* made with real cream. I am now wondering what excuse I can think of for the next visit to the land of my birth, since I have neither aunts to bury nor, alas, any more financial arrangements to see to, thanks to the French Government, which has taken the matter out of my hands in order to do its worst with it and return the results without compliments or

thanks. Boulestin's, which had slightly disappointed me when I came over soon after Liberation, I found to be quite up to the old form again. My dear Maurice, the head wine waiter, is back after his gruelling years in the Maquis, and the service is as deft and silent as in the days of our never-to-be-forgotten Marcel Boulestin.

There I saw Georges Carpentier, on whom the passing years seem to leave but little impression; Harold Nicolson, whose articles are so eagerly read in the *Figaro*; *la si élégante* Bianca Mosca, David Brewster, Lord Jersey, Lady Colefax and M. Gérard André of the French Embassy. From the Embassy also were M. and Mme. Tony Mayer, who do so much for French *artistes* when they come to England, and who agree with me that a French entertainer who simply must be seen in London is Agnes Capri.

SINCE my return I have managed to squeeze in a quick visit to the Salon. Pictures, pictures everywhere and not a drop to drink, the buffet was so crowded. What has happened to all the official portraitists? Are they discouraged by the uninspiring profiles of our great men? Good, honest work has been sent in by Alaux, Bouey, Pagès and Suzanne Fourest; stuff that does not pander to the multitude. But many others are only worthy of the coloured-postcard racks of the souvenir shops that cater for the G.I.s in the Rue de Rivoli. Nuf sed!

Louis Jouvet's new production of two longish one-act plays at the Athénée is greatly discussed. *Les Bonnes*, by Jean (John) Genêt (with a marvellous décor by Christian Bérard), is interesting and horrible. *L'Apollon de Marsac*, by Giraudoux, is uninteresting but utterly delightful and brilliantly played by Jouvet and that exquisite little newcomer, eighteen-year-old Dominique Blanchard, Pierre Blanchard's daughter. Visitors to Paris must not miss this, and since it forms the second half of the programme, they had better book their seats—and take plenty of time over their dinner. *Les Bonnes* is about two servant-girls. When their mistress is out, one of them dresses up in her clothes and they play mistress and maid; as a sideline they try to poison the good lady, and since that little plan goes wrong, one of the girls drinks the poison herself. There is a good deal of filthy language, and most of it is definitely boring, but the highbrows nod their heads and look wise.

Well, one likes everybody to have their fun, doesn't one?



Lady Paulina Pepys, daughter of the Countess of Devon and niece of the Earl of Cottenham, taking Snapshot and Blackie for a run by the river



Lady Katherine Courtenay, who is fond of riding, leads Blackie, her own pony, into the grounds of the castle after exercise



The Countess of Devon in one of the magnificent rooms of the castle. It is The tapestries and carving are exceptional.

AT POWDERHAM CASTLE



Lord Courtenay, proud owner of a smart jeep, undertakes to give his sister an exciting ride

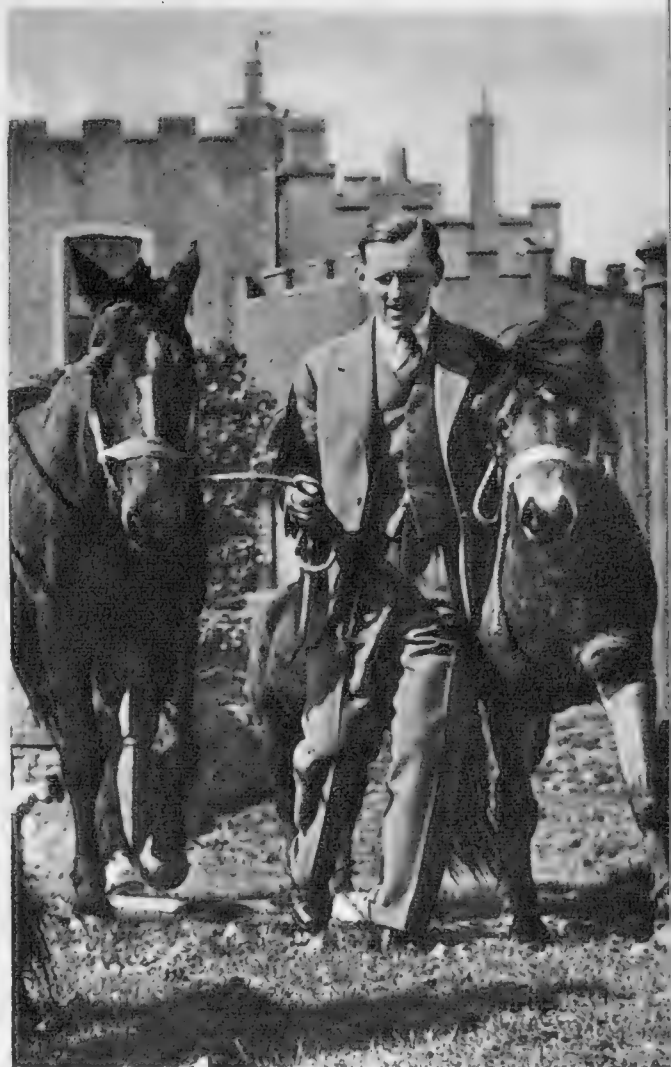


the ground floor and leads into the garden.
silly fine

NEAR EXETER

The Ancient Country Seat of the Earl and Countess of Devon

One of the most striking ancestral homes in England is Powderham Castle, where the Earl and Countess of Devon live. Its history goes back to the eleventh century, when a timber building occupied the site, but in its present form it dates from the twelfth century. The Earl, who is an officer in the Coldstream Guards, has another home, Walreddon Manor, at Tavistock, in the west of the county. He succeeded his father, the sixteenth Earl, in 1935, and he and the Countess, who was formerly Countess of Cottenham, have two children, five-year-old Lord Courtenay and seven-year-old Lady Katherine Courtenay



The Earl of Devon, who was wounded during the war while serving with his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, takes out two of the ponies



The Countess and her two children in one of the sitting-rooms.
Lord Courtenay is heir to the Earldom

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing

By ...

"WHEN Friendship or Love—" roars
Lord Byron, tossing back his
hyacinthine auburn locks,

When Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile . . .

Wait for it, while his naughty lordship tosses
back a snootful of Watier's best gin, 50-U.P.,
to resume with fresh vim and clinch the matter
once for all:

But the test of Affection's a Tear.

Which is exactly what a New York observer
was implying the other day, when he described
the Race as sunk in a kind of frozen fatalistic
stupor and caring for nobody and nothing, and
least of all for its vanishing liberties.

Well, brother, the Great Wet Age of our
Rough Island Story is over. Nobody among
us nowadays weeps cataracts as the serious
characters of Thackeray and Dickens do on the
least provocation. Our theory is that when the
Race exchanged toppers for bowler hats it took
one look in the mirror and left off crying
automatically, shocked into a marbled frigidity
which the most heartrending spectacles—such
as an aged mother caught on a falling market,
or a tiny doggie in the snow—could not melt
henceforth. This explanation has been approved
by the Royal Society.

Afterthought

TODAY Byron would undoubtedly add an
indignant final stanza, maybe:

Why, damme, these dopes have abandoned all
hopes,

No outburst of tears can relieve 'em!

They don't want to cry and they don't even try,
So it can't be much fun to deceive 'em.

With which sentiment all apostles of Progress
and trumpeters of the Great Rosy Dawn will
violently disagree. All right, boys, this is
George Gordon, Lord Byron, giving you the
Indian Sign, preparatory to plunging into some
delicious new turpitude.

Mode

BEFORE the last war, if you hit a typical
hunting-woman (as most M.F.H.'s did in
the frenzy of the chase), she gave back a dull



"Shut that door! What d'you think they give
us axes for?"



FINCH

leathery plock, like an old saddle. It cost
nothing, delighted subscribers of £10 and under,
and had no sequel, barring the normal oaths.
Today, a horsey chap was telling us, discussing
the recent season, women of this type raise such
hell when struck that Masters shrink back
appalled, believing them to be real. Post-war
nerves, he thinks.

His main grievance, however, concerned the
increasing number of sluts who turn out with
stocks so inexpertly tied that when they fall
on their heads the folds become disarranged.
This solicitude seems to us merely a dressy
modern fetish. "Ever heard of a sporting
drama called *Mazeppa*, which burned up the
horsey world in the 1860's?" we asked him.

He had not. The high-spot of *Mazeppa*
arrived when a hard girl to hounds named
Adah Menken, tightly bound and prostrate on
the back of a wiry hunter standing some 16.2,
led the field over trappy country like a good 'un.

"With her stock correctly tied?" asked this
chap sharply.

We said: "No. It would have looked rather
silly, anyway, seeing she had no clothes on
at all."

He said this fashion would never go down
with the Pythchley, which just shows the hide-
bound conservatism of the British hunting-field.

Chant

A THINKER recently giving tongue irritably
over the alleged slackness of West End
theatre and concert moguls in not having the
National Anthem played at every performance
overlooked two points: (1) that this custom is
of quite recent origin, and (2) that until the
Scots terrified it in 1745 the Race had no
National Anthem at all.

Or at least it had, unofficially. That ironic
and enchanting philosopher Charles II had a
favourite coranto which he loved to dance at
Whitehall, humming meanwhile the words of
what he laughingly called "the old Dance
of England":

Cuckolds, cuckolds, all awry,
Fal, la, la, la, lero!

How charming. Write to Auntie Times
suggesting an official revival. Auntie loves a
decorous romp.



"I tell you I left them right there by the
hall stand"

Berry

"STRAWBERRIES, fourpence a pottle!" un-
shaven citizens in mufflers pushing barrows
used to cry in the Strand when we were dribbling
down our earliest bib. An Edwardian poet
turned it one tropic summer day into a triolet:

"Strawberries, fourpence a pottle!"—

Buzz, goes a fly on the pane;

Ink goes dry in the bottle.

("Strawberries, fourpence a pottle!")

Hope goes dry in the throttle,

Thought goes dry in the brain. . . .

Eight shillings a pottle was the price on the
street last week. You snarl? You whimper?
Consolamini, sweethearts; be comforted. There
is a bright side. The absurd price of this fruit
has at last stopped us inky boys from putting
our time-honoured strawberry cliché across you
year by year ("Doubtless God could have
created a better berry, but," etc., etc.). Every
London newspaper, morning and evening, used
to have it every June, as far back as the oldest
inhabitant can remember.

Leader-writers attribute this crack auto-
matically to a Dr. Somebody of the 17th century.
If the Doctor really said it he was an old fool;
or perhaps he had never tasted fresh blueberry
pie with cream, one of the things which excuse
Columbus's historic blunder. (No offence.)

Magic

PLUNGING with their recording-apparatus into
the gipsy quarter of Seville during the Holy
Week processions, the BBC's Third Programme
operators certainly discovered the real Triana,
including a quite lovely *saeta*, a song flung into
the air by a young gipsy like a flame.

How the gipsies liked the BBC boys is another
matter. A marked coyness prevails at Broad-
casting House, we find. Unlike Slogger George
Borrow, the boys are not born liars. It is
therefore difficult as yet to estimate the damage
done to Romany hearts. Doubtless the Calle de
San Jacinto in the Triana is full at this moment
of sulky, smouldering eyes, whetted knives,
harsh reproaches, mournful old Romany folk-
sayings . . .

"Conchita does not dance the *romalis* tonight?"

"She is too sad. She weeps the handsome
Englishmen with the refined vocal delivery."

"Vaya! There are no birds in the nests of yester-
year!"

"Go on. You tell her."

"Vive Dios!" ("What, me? Not blooming
likely, you hag!")

"She weeps. She whets her knife. She is
dangerous."

"That baby must be nuts to of fell for a coupla
stuffed-shirts like them bozos."

(Note: In Spanish-Romany this sounds more
formal.)

"Did you look behind their ears, hombre?"

"What of it?"

"Clean."

And after all, personal cleanliness enables the
spottiest of BBC boys to get away with it in
many a hostile London drawing-room. Or so
one hears them boasting in the Bolivar Bar.

Birdie

NATURALLY (we observed) a Nature boy informing City slickers about seabirds didn't mention the truth about the oyster-catcher, which all you urban fops believe to be a bird which catches oysters.

Actually, a salty, choleric character with blazing eyes once informed us on the wild coast of Pembrokeshire, all the oyster-catcher ever catches are cockles, limpets, and periwinkles; adding that anyone who avers the contrary is "a plummy impecile," which is Basic Welch for "misinformed." By Saint Nonna (mother of Dewi Sant, St. David of Wales, whose country that is), we were sorely afraid of this hairy menace and his rising *hwyf*, or howl! However, it fixed the truth about oyster-catchers firmly in our mind and increased our poor opinion of the Nature boys, who fool you right and left.

Afterthought

How the oyster-catcher got his false name is quite a story. A poor man walking behind a rich man saw this bird run over the wet sands and cried: "See, he has caught a cockle!" and the rich man, who was in petulant mood, snarled "Oyster!" and the poor man said: "Oyster." The poor man took to drink and sank and became a journalist and so was able to spread this falsehood over some three million of the free, fearless, and compulsorily-educated. The rich man grew still richer and went, according to his wives, to Hell (End).

Racket

THAT big smuggling case in Dorset the other day, in which several unfortunate chaps got enormous fines for running the good stuff from France ("the De'il's awa' wi' the Excise-man," as honest men used to say in the North) was described as "real 18th-century" by the enthusiastic Press boys, but was it?

It lacked a standard feature of Georgian smuggling, namely, the savage beating-up, torture, and even liquidation of anyone who happened to stray across the smugglers' path. Romantic novelists glide over this feature, but the Newgate Calendar doesn't. Hence Kipling's line, "Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by," is far more sinister than it seems.

Footnote

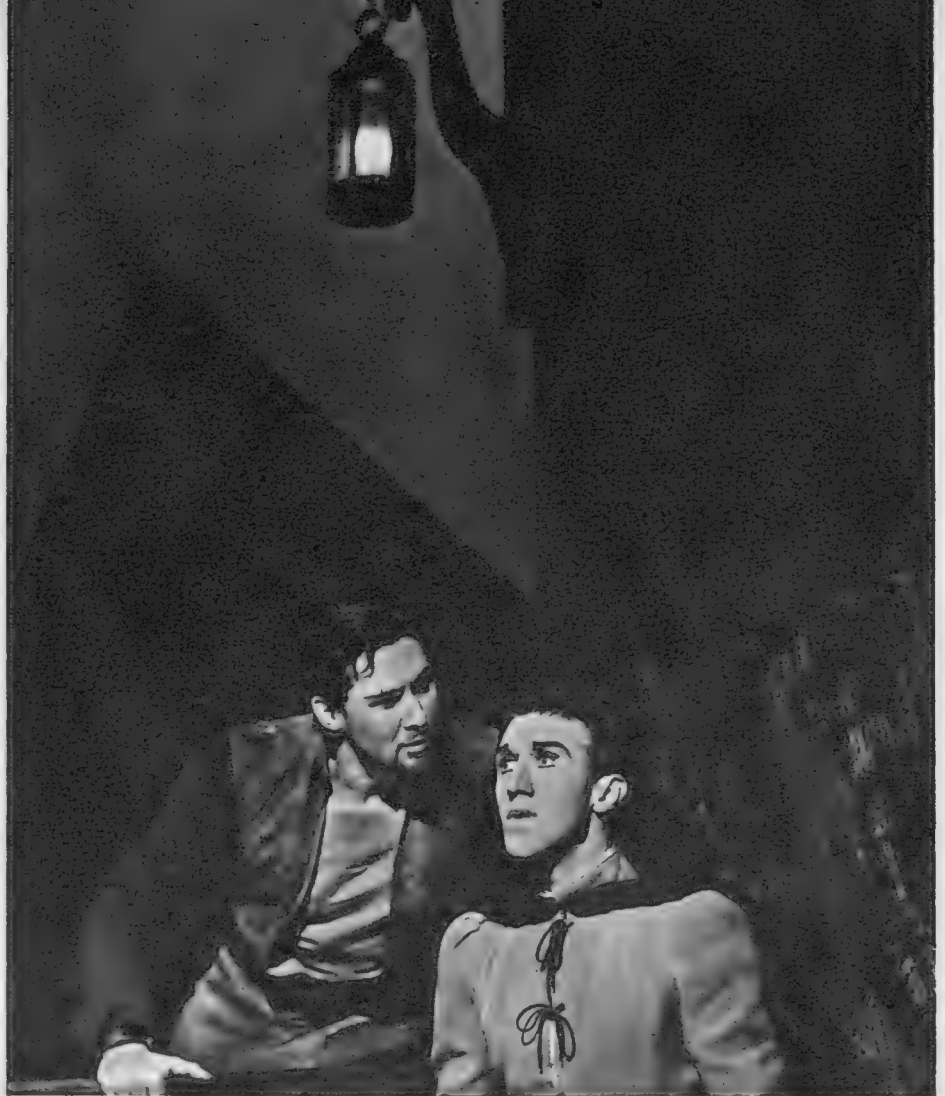
BURWASH, Sussex, where Kipling lived, was once a notable centre of the racket. The current descendants of the smugglers of Burwash are utterly charming and totally virtuous. When we were last there (1943) we witnessed the temporary boycott of an inhabitant who had erred. The locals didn't so much mind his taking the apple as telling a half-truth to conceal his shame. So much for the heredity-hounds of Harley Street.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A disturbed and doubting "BLOOSHO" regarding two small "SMOKE-PRINES" with distrust.



John Vickers

Anthony Quayle is a young actor, producer and novelist of whom much is being heard these days, both in the theatrical and literary worlds. He has just published his new book, *On Such a Night*, which is an exciting story of treachery and romance on a Mediterranean island, and has had the highest praise for his playing of Iago in the recent production of *Othello* at the Piccadilly Theatre. His first novel, *Eight Hours from England*, was based on his experiences with the partisans in Albania, and last year the memorable version of *Crime and Punishment* at the Globe was produced by him. Above he is seen (left) as Iago with Ivan Staff as Roderigo. He recently became engaged to Dorothy Hyson, daughter of Dorothy Dickson.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

AN ardent golfer, whose game had been somewhat nobler than his method of life, died. Finding himself—not altogether to his surprise—in the warmer place, he enquired for the golf club. Here—and this did astonish him—he found a beautiful course, delightful fairways, perfect greens, clubs ready to hand, and even a caddie. He thought that this was too good to be true, and picked up a driver. Then he looked for a ball. Finding none, he asked the caddie.

"Ah," replied the caddie, "that's where hell comes in."

TWO Irishmen, newly arrived in America, decided to try their luck in one of the restaurants. The waiter brought them their food, at the same time placing a dish of horse-radish on the table. Neither Mike nor Pat had ever seen horse-radish before, and to them it looked like a new kind of jelly. Mike decided to try it, and took a heaping mouthful. Immediately the tears sprang to his eyes.

"What's the matter, Mike? Why are you crying?" asked Pat in great concern.

Mike didn't want to admit his mistake, and replied: "I am crying because I just thought of my poor grandfather who was hung."

Pat sympathised, and then decided to try the horse-radish himself. In no time at all he, too, was crying.

Now it was Mike's turn to ask the reason for the tears.

"I'm crying," said Pat, "because they didn't hang you at the same time they hung your grandfather."

THE vicar had tried all ways to stop one of his parishioners drinking himself to death. One day he said to the man, an enthusiastic dog fancier:—

"Did you know that giving a pup whisky stopped its growth?"

"Yes," replied the toper, "I tried it once."

"Oh, did you? What happened?"

"Pup died."

"Aha!" cried the vicar, "and wasn't that a lesson to you?"

"Aye," said the other grimly, "it taught me never to waste good whisky on dogs!"

"DADDY," said the very small boy, "why has that car got an 'L' in front of it?"

"That 'L' is for 'Learners.' That means that the man at the wheel of that car is learning to drive," explained his father.

"And when a car has 'G.B.' at the back, does that mean the driver is 'Getting Better'?"

THE U.S. Department of Internal Revenue received a typed income-tax return from a bachelor who listed one dependent son. The examiner returned the blank with a pencilled notation: "This must be a stenographic error."

The blank came back promptly with the notation: "You're telling me!"

A YOUNG woman, looking over a flat, was unable to decide whether her husband would like it.

"I shouldn't let that worry you," said the agent. "Remember, it's much easier to get a new husband these days than a new flat."



Frank Butters' String of Horses Returning from Morning Exercise on Newmarket Heath

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sabretache

SIR ALFRED BUTT'S challenge to match Petition over a mile against anything that ran in the Two Thousand, bar the winner, seems almost unnecessary, since it is practically certain that his colt will have a chance of meeting most of them and the winner on June 7th—over a very different course, it is true, but probably the question can be answered with sufficient conviction at Epsom without this projected match.

Petition's owner shares an opinion held by a good many other people. Supposing, just for the sake of argument, we say that Petition finished a dozen lengths behind Tudor Minstrel; then, by the rule-of-thumb method of handicapping, this would mean 36 lbs., or 2 st. 8 lbs. In the Free Handicap the Official Handicapper put them at 2 lbs. The question therefore presents itself whether Mr. G. H. Freer, who has proved himself a worthy successor to the many fine handicappers who have preceded him, can possibly have erred to the tune of 2 st. 6 lbs. and possibly more. *Prima facie*, on the way that Tudor Minstrel won the Guineas, it would be quite impossible to handicap him back to any of those behind him.

In this little question, any damage from accident has been laid aside; but we now know that Petition strained a muscle somewhere in his quarters when the starting-gate nearly turned him over backwards. I suggest that this is not the whole case. Nerve-shock is a very devastating thing, and horses are made of flesh and blood, the same as you or I. An occurrence like this might knock all the fight out of any horse. No one knows at the moment the exact amount of damage done. Personally, I would always rather break a bone than pull a muscle, because the former mends more quickly.

What Now?

HAS the Two Thousand reduced the Derby to a one-horse race? Funny things happen over the Epsom Downs and Ups, and it would be hardly possible to find any course in the world less like anything they have at Newmarket. Tudor Minstrel is the right cut for the hills and dales, and has, so far, an indisputable claim to be considered a stone-cold certainty, for on Guineas Day he would have beaten his field the farther, the farther they had to go. He would have won just as easily at 1½ miles, or 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards, and it would be difficult indeed to name one to beat him if the Derby were run at Newmarket. The point is that it is not.

After-the-battle stories are always plentiful, and sometimes interesting. The followers of the beautiful—and still backward—Sayajirao say that he is not half tuned-up yet; that he is

bone-lazy and has never been told so, but that when he is made to do a real job of work we shall not recognise him. His S.P. in the Guineas was 33 to 1; the day after in most lists the best price was 20 to 1. Petition's price was 5 to 2, and now you can get 33's. If he is, in fact, as inferior as that Rowley Mile gallop made him out to be, 40 to 1 would be about the right price. Tudor Minstrel is already very nearly a level-money chance, and if the wind holds this means that we may have to buy our money on Derby Day. There is also his Majesty's Blue Train. So far, he has never been extended.

Inâm

FOR thousands of years folk have wanted to keep the passes open, and we folk, the Pass tribes, have lived on it. In the beginning the English were wise, wiser than now. When they first began to pay us to let their merchants through the passes, there lived in Peshawur a family of Khanzadabs (Lords of the Land) who had always been influential among us. *They were the lords, and we knew it, and they knew it.* When the Sikhs, on whom be all misfortune, ruled in Peshawur, there was a Belaiti (European) general there called Witbul (Avitabile, an Italian in the Sikh service). Even in his time the Khanzadabs were our lords, and were friends of Witbul Sahib. That Sahib was a Zorwallah (strong man); two dead men always hung at his gate, and Peshawur was quiet.

This is an extract from a true story in *Blackwood's* by Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, who knew the Frontier like the back of his hand, and the rest of India almost-equally well; and no one could tell him anything about the value of "Inâm," no matter where the caravan pitched its tents. He knew, as so many more know, perhaps not so perfectly, the exact influence of this almost intangible thing—anywhere East of Suez. How do we translate this Urdu word of Persian descent? Prestige? Honour? Pomp, power and panoply? A lively respect for the fact that the man who rules means to rule, and that, paying the piper, he intends to call the tune? I think a combination of all these things. "Witbul's" Inâm was a bad one—but it worked. Those he had to control knew he was a Zorwallah, and behaved accordingly. What if Inâm be lacking in any one who in future may carry the horn and attempt to hunt this very mixed pack? Will it pay any regard to his rate, come to his note or harken to his holl'a? Inâm is a talisman without which nothing can possibly work, and this

goes not only for those with strong ideas of their own in one of the most turbulent and individualistic regions in the whole world.

We have seen quite recently what great force is behind Inâm. The Viceroy of India and his equally brave Consort proved the power of this compelling thing to demonstration when they attended a mass meeting of Moslems near Peshawur recently. If ever two people took their lives in their hands their Excellencies did. How quickly the Frontier people reacted! They have always recognised a man when they have met him.

Another from Australia

My kind friend Mr. J. G. Paton, who sent me a most amazing Christmas present and is an enthusiastic shooting man, has given me a further snapshot of the possibilities in his fascinating land, and it makes a nice little picture, especially as tiger-snakes enter into it! They are, he tells me, even deadlier than the cobra, but I do not know exactly what size they run to. A 6-ft. cobra is a good one. However, here is Mr. Paton's letter:

It is quite understandable that certain impressions are gathered by visitors from overseas. The Prince of Wales and party, for instance, covered thousands of miles of some of our most appalling distances, but I doubt whether they got close to our real countryside. It is one thing to see the whole continent escorted by Government celebrities and some of our best families, and another to get away from the city on Saturday and bump over some back track and pitch your tent by a bosky creek that you have known from boyhood. Next day, protected by leggings and Bedford cords, for the tiger-snakes, although more potent than the cobra, have short fangs and cannot bite effectively through stout cloth, you stalk the duck in the swamp or bound through the stubble after quail. The old chap who hands out the tools to the mechanics in the show where I occupy the position of manager, has a good dog and gun. He parks the dog in the tool store on Saturday morning quite often, and goes off to a spot 25 miles from Melbourne in the afternoon, never returning without duck, quail or rabbit, but you have got to know where to go. So we have plenty of shooting.

Since this arrived other news has come in which is not so peaceful. Australia is not a little perturbed at the general trend of affairs East of Suez, and is acutely alive to their import. She has an increased feeling of isolation caused by the severing of one link with the Motherland (Egypt), and the probable disappearance of another (India). This feeling of apprehension is readily understandable, and I think entirely justified. Supposing some Other Power decided to walk into India the moment we walk out?

The County Tennis Finalists



Warwickshire, the winners: Sitting: H. M. David, A. J. Mottram, P. H. Stone (President), R. Morton. Standing: C. R. M. Clarke, E. J. David, H. F. Walton, P. E. Hare



Yorkshire, runners-up in the Inter-County hard-court championship: Sitting: G. L. France, E. Hampson (non-playing captain), B. Royds, E. P. K. Hansom. Standing: F. B. Webb, S. C. Hacking, H. Marriner



Lord Lyle Watches Play in the British Hard-Court Championships at Bournemouth

Lord Lyle of Westbourne, Chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association, watching the finals with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Nancy Glover. She captained the Wightman Cup team in 1946



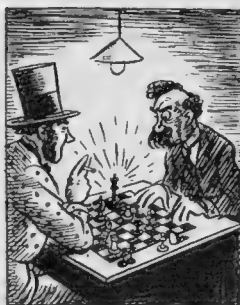
Mrs. Nancy Wynne Bolton, of Melbourne, in play. She is the winner of the British hard-court singles and doubles championships, and also holds the singles and doubles championships of Australia



D. R. Stuart

Eric Sturgess, champion of South Africa, who won all three titles at the Bournemouth championships. He must now be considered as a possible Wimbledon champion next month

Scoreboard



SARTORIUS, the Bosnian chess master, is working on an electrical device by which a piece, when threatened on the board, shows a red light. When there is no threat, the light shines with a steady green. So far, he has not quite mastered the technique where a piece may or may not be threatened. Snitch, the Georgian champion, after losing to Sartorius in a match where the experimental warning system was at its most variable, commented, "I could not concentrate; it was like playing chess with a lighthouse."

Sartorius, when interviewed, remarked: "I have nothing to say, and, so it looks, nothing to drink, either. Kindly ring for the waiter."

TO refrain from criticising the umpire at cricket removes much of the emotional value from the game. In a long, chequered, but not wholly fruitless career, I have found few umpires who were not either crooked, deaf, blind, or all three at once.

The most interesting umpire I can remember was a private in the Pioneer Corps who, so he said, hadn't wanted to do it at all. When bowler's umpire, he smoked cigarettes just behind mid-on. When one of his confrères was hit on the leg by a full-pitcher while standing in front of the middle stump, he gave him Not Out, and justified his decision by the remark, "Why, he never even touched it." Nor should those who wilfully seek to deceive the umpire be immune from censure. When, in a recent Test match in Australia, Don Bradman missed a hook and was struck on the leg by Douglas Wright, he at once, unless cinematography is a delusion, began to rub his body. He was given Not Out, and went on to make 476.391 or thereby.

There is nothing new in this artifice of rubbing distant segments of the person when struck on the pads. Dr. W. G. Grace used to do it. I have done it myself; but never with success, for I have no beard in which to hide my consciousness

of duplicity. Once, however, the illustrious medico was caught on the hop. Being struck on the leg, he at once rubbed his hand. The appeal for L.B.W. was, therefore, turned down. Whereat, first slip, who had caught the ball, appealed for the catch, off the striker's hand. And out the Doctor had to go, rumbling like Etna in season.

Which goes to show that, in the matter of cricket, there is more in it than immediately meets the eye, as the Customs Official observed when the false bottom of the Mayor of Jericho's suitcase revealed 150 gross of gold wedding rings and a platinum blonde.

CONGRATULATIONS, albeit a few fleeting weeks late, to Commander Charles Burgess Fry, R.N.R., on his seventy-fifth birthday. He is a beacon of wit in a world of sullen mediocrity. Captain-Superintendent of the Training Ship *Mercury* for over forty years, he has sent hundreds of boys into the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service with sound technical knowledge and something beyond self to admire.

Concurrently, he has been, and is, an ace journalist. A Conservative, he stood three times in the Liberal interest. For many years he held the world Long Jump record, and, alone of English batsmen in first-class cricket, he strung together six centuries in a row. In spare moments, he chucks off Horatian Latin verse. Elizabethan, and incomparable.

EMERITUS

*So we'll go no more a-bowling
In the old eccentric way
Till the village clock is tolling
Out the crimson-dying day.*

*I'll no longer now to play go
In the game of green and white,
For I think I have lumbago
And my trousers are too tight.*

*Though the will is almost yielding
To the touch-and-turn-and-run,
Yet we'll go no more a-fielding
In the heat of the sun.*

R. R. Roberts Glasgow.

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S

BOOK REVIEWS

"The Hunters and the Hunted"

"Genevieve"

"Sussex"

"The Black Stocking"

SACHEVERELL SITWELL'S *The Hunters and the Hunted* (Macmillan; 15s.) reminds one that all the arts, as it has been said, aspire to the condition of music. This writing is an operatic treatment of prose—even, there runs through these pages some thread of connection with the *Tales of Hoffman*, of which from time to time the characters are invoked. But not these only—in a sense, the whole book is an invocation, summoning up from all time, from pictures, frescoes and tapestries, from bronzes and ivories, from arias and hurdy-gurdy tunes, from the magical castles of the Middle Ages, from the courts of Byzantium, from bird books and fashion-plates, from forests and theatres, even from personal moments in which life and poetry became fused, the forces of beauty.

There is no doubt that, for this writer, beauty is militant; and that its saving triumph, for those who ally themselves with it, is certain. Never was such a belief as Mr. Sitwell's more necessary than now—when, apart from its perils and tragedies, the world could seem likely to be submerged in a drab tide of utilitarianism. *The Hunters and the Hunted*, written during the last years of the war, has acquired still more meaning since then.

Is human life, now being shorn outwardly, in so many ways, of its traditional dignity, to be cut off also from its poetic-religious, mystical source? Mr. Sitwell's answer is, "No—why?" He is a poet, and poets purvey no doctrines: their strength is that they reaffirm universal human beliefs.

This, needless to say, is not a book which nudges, or even in any way directs itself to, the reader: it gives the impression of being written in a sort of tranced and fascinated unawareness of anything, anybody, but its subject. It is also—partly because of this—intimidating. This cavalcade of huntsmen out of all time, beauties dancing and dreaming as they advance, procession of leaping clowns and harlequins and glittering cloud of birds do not acclimatise with us easily or at once. What Mr. Sitwell writes of the Byzantine artists is to a degree true of himself—"Their purpose was not to please. It was their object to exalt or frighten, to intoxicate, or to fire with wild fantasy. Their works were as rare as music before the age of mechanical reproduction, and such were their formal qualities of magic or inspiration that even those who dwelt in the midst of them never tired from familiarity. They inspired awe and terror."

THE ordinary, functional intelligence of the reader cannot, indeed, be brought usefully to this book; which is to be drunk, inhaled or reacted to rather than in the ordinary sense read. Scenes, with their visual magic, shift from section to section, and change theatrically, or operatically, from one to another of the four major parts—entitled "The Hunters and the Hunted," "A Rag and a Bone and a Hank of Hair," "The Kingdom of the Birds," and "Fête and Ball in the House of Giulietta." To this last episode—an August Venice night in the rain, but a night supernaturally criss-crossed with moments from other nights, other cities—Mr. Sitwell gives an opening which (more nearly than any other passage) summarises the book as a whole:

I have now to present the world of imagination, in which I live, at its climactic. That must be done before the fantastic spectacle of the Fête and Ball. All that has preceded it must be to that

purpose. But there is more besides. A personality, eternal, though only of the moment, has become the excuse or occasion for something that is immortal and can never be repeated. For an entertainment for one summer night only, and never again. But much has come before this. For whom was that palace of the Orient intended in the hunting park? What Sultan, more still, what Sultana was reigning in the Tulip Reign? For what purpose did we wander along the banks of the Chrysorhoas? And why did we describe the castles of *Les Très Riches Heures*? For our own pleasure. For the same reason that we have written of the Humming Birds and the blue-streaked Lories. It is in praise of our god, whoever he may be, but who is in ourselves. Our personal religion and philosophy, and one to which we raise the altar and statue in our own senses. . . . It is the identical god who speaks in the coloured wattles of the Tragopan and in his snow-flecked breast, who is enthroned in glory in the Satyr Tragopan; who calls in the voice of the Turtle Dove and in the eyes of the Peacock's tail; who is no more to be mistaken in music or in a building than in a damask rose or in the petal of a lily. Probably there is no further design behind the living architecture of the flowers and birds, no other reason than perfection for its own ends and pleasures. I creed there must be in our religion, let it be this, that it is an end in itself without ulterior purpose.

The illustrations to *The Hunters and the Hunted* are more than pleasing appendages; they are part of the structure. A Moorish casket and an Etruscan mirror are reproduced; the weird and apocalyptic "Plate from the Duke of Newcastle's Book of Horsemanship" should be appreciated. Six differing Birds of Paradise appear, preceded by one White Greenland Falcon. Hardly less stylish than the birds are the Lady in Riding Habit, 1830 (who ornamented this journal two or three weeks ago) and the Gentleman in Hunting Coat, of the same date. I am not sure that for insane lyrical charm the prize should not go to the two groups of juvenile French fashionables, from a children's fashion-paper, 1885, 1886.

ROSAMOND LEHMANN has translated from the French Jacques Lemarchand's *Genevieve* (John Lehmann; 7s. 6d.). This application of the fine sense of style by an outstanding novelist of this country to the work of a contemporary across the Channel is excellent. *Genevieve* is, possibly, a novelist's novel: what the non-writing reader will make of it I shall be interested to know. Certainly, were *Genevieve* not translated at the high level that it (I think) deserves, it might make nonsense.

It is, to be brief, a love-story from which plot, characterisation (in the ordinary sense) and dialogue have been eliminated. Two men, one of whom is the speaking "I," are in love with the same woman: this woman never appears directly, and is not even once, except in the title, named. The scene is Paris: she lives in a building which has an awful, modern-style street door—iron grille with imitation Lalique glass behind it. And her own flat door, five floors up, phoney-antique oak, is permeable by the sound of voices (torturing in the context in which they are heard). That, but for some few traits of the body, mirrored in talk, is practically all we know about her. She exists purely as the cause, or stimulus, of the sufferings of love: *Genevieve* is an agonised duet on the subject of suffering of this kind.

This singleness, this intensity, this exclusion of all else is very French: in England, one



A costume by Julio de Diego for the ballet "Sonatas Españolas"



Décor by Soudeikine for Fokine's ballet "Paganini"



A Soudeikine design for "Les Noces," from "Art in Modern Ballet," by George Amberg (Routledge; £3 3s.)

always gets the impression, futile love-suffering is regarded as uneconomic, and is therefore either by-passed or referred to in a rueful-jocular tone, as might be indigestion or toothache. In English fiction we do not, as a rule, follow the protracted course of the love-agonies, unless everything is to be made up to the sufferer in the long run and the story is to culminate in the popping-on of an engagement ring. In *Genevieve*, I am sorry to tell you, there is no question of marriage: one of the characters is having an affair, and the other (who is already, one may gather by one or two fleeting references, married) would like to. The atmosphere of this novel—plotless, in the sense that it drills down rather than moves along—is an atmosphere of love pure and simple.

ODDLY—or not so oddly?—enough, due to the unmistakable genius of Jacques Lemarchand, this novel succeeds in establishing a remarkably true relation between individual feeling and the whole of life.

I realised [the narrator says] that the world contained more weighty and honourable woes than mine: more futile ones as well. I must not allow my daily cares to upset my judgment. If I wanted to make a moan—and I was dying to do so—I must find a voice exactly befitting my moan: otherwise I should be ridiculous. But I was at pains also not to allow myself to be intimidated by the customary arguments of those blinded by contemporary events. At a time like this, how can anyone possibly bother about little love affairs? It was obvious to me that, on such a reckoning, unhappy lovers would have been condemned to silence all through history, apart from a respite of three weeks during the Peace of Utrecht. No. My suffering, which was real, played its little tune in the pipe in a very large orchestra. It was important that it should be played correctly.

The situation is this: these two men, James and the "I" of the story, work in the same room in the same Ministry, knowing each other lightly—but well enough for one to be aware that the other is the reigning lover of the woman whom he himself desires in vain. It is James who is the successful one, whose features are, daily, searched for their story of happiness by his despairing colleague.

During this first phase, not a word is said. But then James falls—he is cast out: it is all over. The two are now in the same boat of suffering—but not quite: is it worse to have lost or never to have had? Which is worse, the anguish of memory or of frustration? The "nevermore" or the "never"? It is now that the "I" begins to watch, to fasten upon, to analyse and in a way to admire the suffering of James—"Sometimes he realised that I was watching him: then he would raise his head and smile in a conspiratorial way—I don't know why."

James breaks, gradually, under the temptation to talk: an intimacy, something more painful and at higher tension than friendship, comes into being between the two men. "I went on plying the fellow with questions, drawing from him confused statements, mutterings, and now and then a superb great cry of suffering and of hatred of, and flight from, suffering." Through extracting and piecing together James's unwilling narrative, the other comes to live through,

BOWEN ON BOOKS

vicariously, those six months of happiness he has never had. A dreadful fulfilment. The scenes by the river—the evening swim, the early-morning awakening in the inn bedroom—are, at one remove, the climax of *Genevieve*. Yet, that Laliue door, and the map turning away from it to thrust the bunch of roses into the dustbin, are the most haunting images left in my mind. . . . The date of this novel is 1943: it has at times, like some of the best French work written during the German occupation, an almost unbearably claustrophobic quality.

"SUSSEX," by Esther Meynell (Robert Hale; 15s.), is the first of this publisher's "County Books"—nine more are listed. This series is to devote itself to a survey, county by county, of the British Isles: competition with the established guide-books is, we are notified, not the aim; nor are facts available elsewhere to be set out again. Rather, The "County Books" propose to give us "a true and lively picture of each county and its people set against the background which has made it what it is."

The idea seems excellent; and certainly with Mrs. Meynell's *Sussex* the series makes a promising start. The difficulty of writing about Sussex might appear to be, paradoxically, that it has been over-written about: few of our counties enjoy so much literary fame—just as

few have been, alas, so relentlessly frequented. Somehow, though, there is something about Sussex which defies banality—and it is this unique, elusive quality that Mrs. Meynell has captured. She writes first of the scene, of chalk and flint, cliff and marsh, valleys and downs; of pre-history, fossilised mammoth bones and the origin of the dragon legends. Next, the invaders—the Romans, who "marched about Sussex with their usual firmness and decision," and the Saxons. Then we have "holy" Sussex—its many and lovely churches, its legends of saints: on from that, domestic Sussex as left to us by the centuries—Lewes, the county town, a "handful" of villages (those best known to the writer), and three coast towns, Brighton, Winchelsea, Rye. "Some Sussex Worthies," a chapter on life on the land and an admirable piece of writing about the

Downs, conclude the book, which is illustrated.

"THE BLACK STOCKING" (Crime Club, Collins; 7s. 6d.) is the latest Conynth Little—this author, you will no doubt have noted, always has "black" in her titles, like a signature-tune. Here, we depart in one particular from the Little tradition: the story is told in the third person, not by the heroine herself. Irene, however, is as infuriating to the male, greedy, lazy, pert and blah as all her predecessors. Well able to talk, she only, I imagine, does not tell the story because the plot is rather too complicated for a one-girl view. Mistaken for an escaped lunatic, Irene telephones for aid to her mother, Elise: the two, ensconced in a private hospital already in difficulties with the original lunatic, a missing will and disappearing corpses, are a formidable couple. . . . At first, I found *The Black Stocking* a trifle too far-fetched, but its crazy charm soon did not fail to gain me—and a sound plot emerges, packed with genuine thrills.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

Some years ago Vivian Ellis wrote a tune many will be bound to remember. It was *Spread a Little Happiness*, and except for the interim of World War Two he has been "spreading happiness" through the medium of his delightfully tuneful music ever since. His latest show, *Bless the Bride*, introduces to this country Georges Guétary, and with first-class accompaniment from the orchestra conducted by Michael Collins, he sings *Ma Belle Marguerite* and *Table for Two*. . . . Here is an artist who at times reminds one of Charles Trenet. . . . at others he shows that he has the quality and technique of a young Tauber. His diction is clear and he sings with a charmingly effortless style. But Mr. Cochran has not only introduced Georges Guétary to London; he has teamed him with Lizbeth Webb, a young leading lady with grace and personality and a voice we are bound to hear for many years to come. Together they sing *This Is My Lovely Day* and *I Was Never Kissed Before* with all that we can hope to expect from two distinguished artists. After such a dreary winter it is more than pleasant to feel that with it Spring has brought us two such delightful recordings from yet another Cochran production. The records are Columbia (DB 2301-2)

Robert Tredinnick.



Mrs. G. M. Nairn, Mrs. Broadhurst, Miss Hutchison and Major M. Nairn. The ball was held after the two-day meeting at Scone



A quartet of guests: Captain Sandy Leslie, Miss Loraine Foster, Miss Vora Macintosh and Captain Nicholls



Mr. M. G. Cox, Mrs. R. Stevenson, Miss M. Hogarth, Mr. E. R. Cox and Mr. R. Stevenson were among those at this enjoyable function



McLaren, Perth The Earl of Mansfield with his kinswoman, Lady MacGregor of MacGregor. The ball was in aid of the National Gaelic Mod, to be held in Perth later this year

The Perth Hunt Meeting Ball

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Higgin — Lee-Morris

The marriage took place at All Saints' Church, Thornton Hough, Cheshire, of Captain W. B. Higgin, second son of Major and Mrs. W. W. Higgin, of Puddington Hall, Neston, Cheshire, and Miss Patricia Lee-Morris, elder daughter of Captain G. Lee-Morris, R.N.V.R., and of Viscountess Leverhulme



Pirie — Dutton

Lieut. Lindsay Pirie, D.S.C., R.N., son of Cdr. and Mrs. W. Pirie, of Halwell House, Southpool, South Devon, married Miss Primrose Dutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dutton, of The Gables, Southall, Middlesex, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Edmondson — Hunt

Captain the Hon. Anthony Edmondson, late Grenadier Guards; younger son of Lord Sandford, married Miss Olivia Charlotte Hunt, youngest daughter of the Master of St. Cross, and Mrs. O. A. Hunt, of Master's Lodge, St. Cross, at the Chapel of St. Cross, Winchester



Macpherson — Coulter

Mr. J. Gordon Macpherson, only son of Mr. Tom Macpherson, M.P., and Mrs. Macpherson, of Great Warley, married Miss Ruth Coulter, daughter of the Rev. Henry and Mrs. Coulter, at Bellahouston Church, Glasgow



Daniel — Morton

Mr. Robert H. J. Daniel, son of the late Mr. H. G. Daniel and Mrs. Daniel, of St. Dogmaels, Cardigan, married Miss Jean Isobel Morton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Morton, of The Pentlands, Bickley, Kent, at St. James's Church of Scotland, Dulwich



Inchbald — Nall

Mr. Peter Inchbald, eldest son of Major and Mrs. F. Inchbald, of Ranby House, Retford, Nottinghamshire, married Miss Rosemary Nall, second daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Nall, of Hoveringham Hall, Nottinghamshire, at Southwell Cathedral



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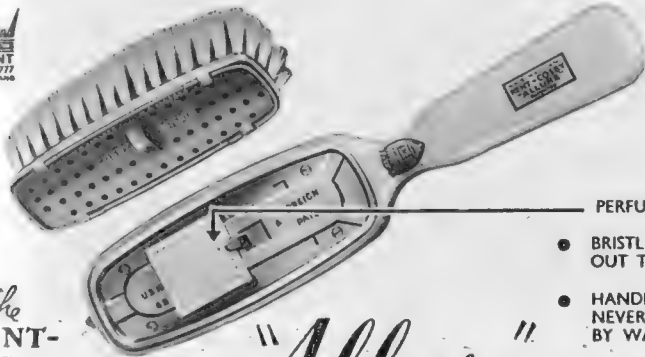
Beauty Secret..

The majority of women have the mistaken idea that if you brush a permanent or natural wave it is likely to straighten it and spoil the "set". Leading hairdressers in England and U.S. know that the more you brush a permanent or natural wave the longer it will last and the more it improves the hair and gives a glossy finish to the "set".

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Photograph by Derek Adkins

GARDEN-PARTY GOWN

The season of outdoor functions opens royally next week with the first of a series of garden parties which Their Majesties are giving at Buckingham Palace and, subsequently, at Holyrood. For such occasions Debenham and Freebody have specially designed this delightful gown in an original French butterfly print with rich colours on a delicate turquoise ground. The wide-brimmed leghorn hat is trimmed with black velvet and flowers

**FASHION
PAGE
by
Winifred
Lewis**

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Matheson
Miss Nessa Claire Helwig
is the only daughter of the late
Mr. C. J. Helwig and of Mrs.
Helwig of Tiverton, Devon,
Jamaica. She is to be married in
August to Mr. David Morton
Borland second son of the late
Mr. David Borland and of Mrs.
A. J. Borland of Middleton
Lodge, Godalming, Surrey



Harlip
Miss Penelope Grace Edwards,
whose engagement is announced to
Captain Antony Malcolm Hay,
Coldstream Guards, son of the late
Captain A. C. Hay and of Mrs.
Hay, of Montreal. Miss Edwards
is the daughter of the late Major
J. W. Edwards, and of Mrs.
Edwards of 547 Nell Gwyn House,
Chelsea, and of Johannesburg



**Miss Edna Mitchell (Eddie)
Paterson,** only daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. John Scott Paterson, of
7 Traquair Park, Edinburgh, whose
engagement is announced to Mr.
Alastair Walker, elder son of
Mr. and Mrs. John Walker of
Hollywood, Colinton Road, Edin-
burgh



Pearl Freeman
Miss Pamela Exham,
daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H.
Exham, of Preston House,
Iwerne Minster, Dorset, who is
to be married in October to
Captain Percy B. Browne,
eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs.
W. P. Browne, of Buckland
Filleigh, North Devon



Miss Ann Lavinia Saunders and Mr. Francis Edward Noel-Baker, M.P., who announced their engagement this month. Mr. Noel-Baker is M.P. for Brentford and Chiswick and the only son of Mr. P. J. Noel-Baker, Secretary of State for Air, and Mrs. Noel-Baker, of 16 South Eaton Place, S.W.1. Miss Saunders is the daughter of Mr. Hilary St. George Saunders, of Old Holbans, Broad Oak, Heathfield, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Saunders



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Oliver Steward on FLYING

THE season of pageants is upon us. Soon we shall be able to see if the air pageant of 1947 can recapture all or any of the glamour of the pageants of the between-war period. Motor racing made a vigorous and—it seems—partly successful attempt to regain its former glories the other day. And I have great hopes for the Blackpool air meeting organized by the Air League for July.

But Blackpool will be a mass success and for the connoisseur a smaller scale success is of greater interest. The Air League is expecting, I believe, about 100,000 people on each of the flying days. But with a crowd of that size the air effects must inevitably be laid on with a big brush if not with a trowel.

What made the earlier air pageants enjoyable was, first, that they were often held in unprepared fields where the grass was still green and there were still a few samples to be seen of that rapidly disappearing vegetable, the tree. In short the setting was pleasing to the eye.

And the crowd was small enough for every spectator to see not only the machines, but the people who flew them. Aerobatics reached a pitch of excellence that cannot, I think, be attained at a huge meeting. There were the shows of pilots like Stack and Tyson and Frank Courtney. Inverted flying a few feet from the ground, handkerchief picking up and the *haute école* of aerobatics, the "spectacles," the "bunt," the inverted spin, the falling leaf, right way up and inverted, the outside loop and so on.

I.C.A.O.'s Error

MUCH as I appreciate the admirable motives behind the decision to exclude Spain from the International Civil Aviation Organization—a step taken at the instigation of the United States and Britain—I cannot endorse it. Aviation in its larger activities really must shake itself loose from politics.

Civil aviation ought not to concern itself with whether a country is ruled by a dictator or a group of

dictators or by a democratically elected government. Civil aviation exists to give quick travel between any points on the surface of the earth. It should not concern itself with the political arrangements of the countries where those points happen to be, except where these directly affect its operations.

In the I.C.A.O. voting, Ireland again took the sensible course and refused to be stampeded by the U.S.A. and Britain into subscribing to an irrelevant gesture. But these events make one despair of ever seeing genuine international travel. I.C.A.O. has done, and is doing, such fine work that it is the greatest shame that it has not held to the larger view.

Marvellous Magnesium

NOTICED that the mock-up of the Planet Satellite was on show in the A. and A. showrooms in St. James's Street. It is an extremely bold idea and, perhaps for that reason, it produces much sad shaking of heads among the older designers.

The scheme is to use magnesium as extensively as possible throughout the structure. The general arrangement provides for an engine mounted behind the occupants, driving a propeller mounted at the extreme tail.

As one of the heads of the company reminded me, there is nothing new about the tail propeller. It was used in a very early—pre-1914—French aircraft which flew satisfactorily, and today the experience of Douglas and others with this arrangement is held to be sufficient to enable it to be accurately assessed.

The aircraft is packed with originality and it would be a tonic for everybody if it proves practical. We have tended to become too cautious and too stereotyped in our designs lately and anything that breaks fresh



Officers of an R.A.F. Maintenance Unit in Northern Italy

Front row: F/Lt. R. P. Brodie; S/Ldr. E. H. Tidswell; S/Ldr. H. D. Pidler; W/Cmdr. J. B. Conolly; S/Ldr. A. J. Holliday, M.M.; F/Lt. J. H. Thorne; F/Lt. H. Peebles; F/Lt. M. C. Pulleyblank. Middle row: F/O. H. Di. Batista; F/O. M. A. Gullen; F/Lt. W. H. F. Warren; F/Lt. J. S. Graham; F/O. H. C. Trueman; F/O. T. C. Jordan; F/Lt. A. B. Stutter. Back row: F/O. J. Kveder; F/O. I. S. Ferguson; F/O. K. J. F. Rothery; D. J. Bull, Esq.; F/O. D. R. Goodman; F/O. B. Zivokinovic

ground deserves a welcome. I hope that the Planet Satellite will live up to the hopes of its designer, should be flying in prototype form by about the end of August.

Jet Success

THE real weight of the decision of the United States Navy to use the Rolls-Royce Nene in its ship-borne aircraft was not apparent from the way the subject was treated in the daily papers.

The point is that Pratt and Whitney were making the Nene under licence, and that this division is one of the largest and best aero-engine concerns in the States. Moreover the U.S. Navy decision was not arrived at after the Nene had been subjected to rigorous tests, including a 150-hours test.

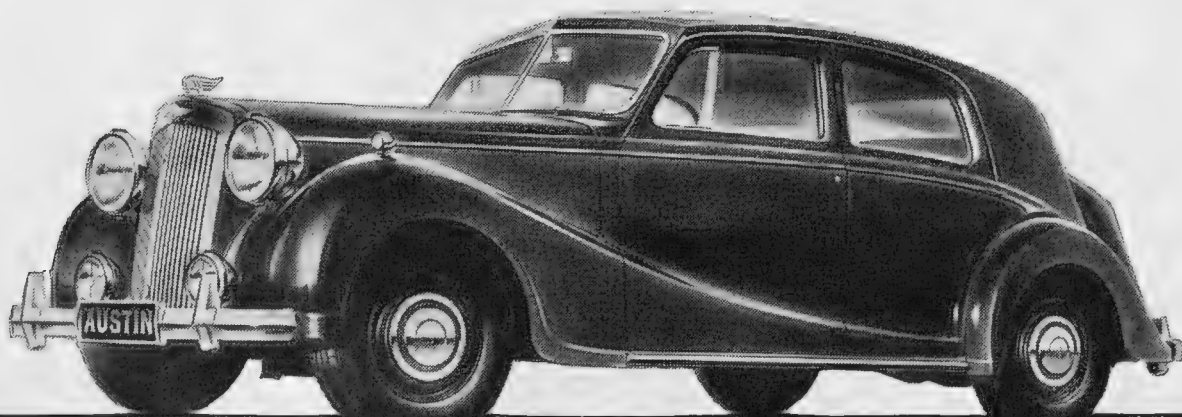
It is a very fine achievement on the part of Rolls-Royce. And I cannot help feeling that the success of the negotiations was in part due to the fact that two Derwent turbojets were in the Meteor which holds the world's speed record, and that this point was driven home in direct and memorable fashion at the Paris Salon.

The Nene is not unlike the Derwent, though it gives more thrust. But it follows the general turbojet scheme which Rolls-Royce have made their own: centrifugal compressor included.

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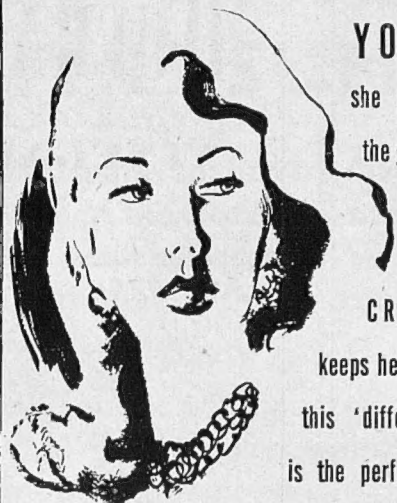
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I know! My COW & GATE—Goody!"
It is a happy fact that babies do love
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Be wise—do not take a chance with
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The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

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*The
Golden Spirit*



*With Lemon, Orange or Lime
A Winner every time!*



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Clothes of Distinction

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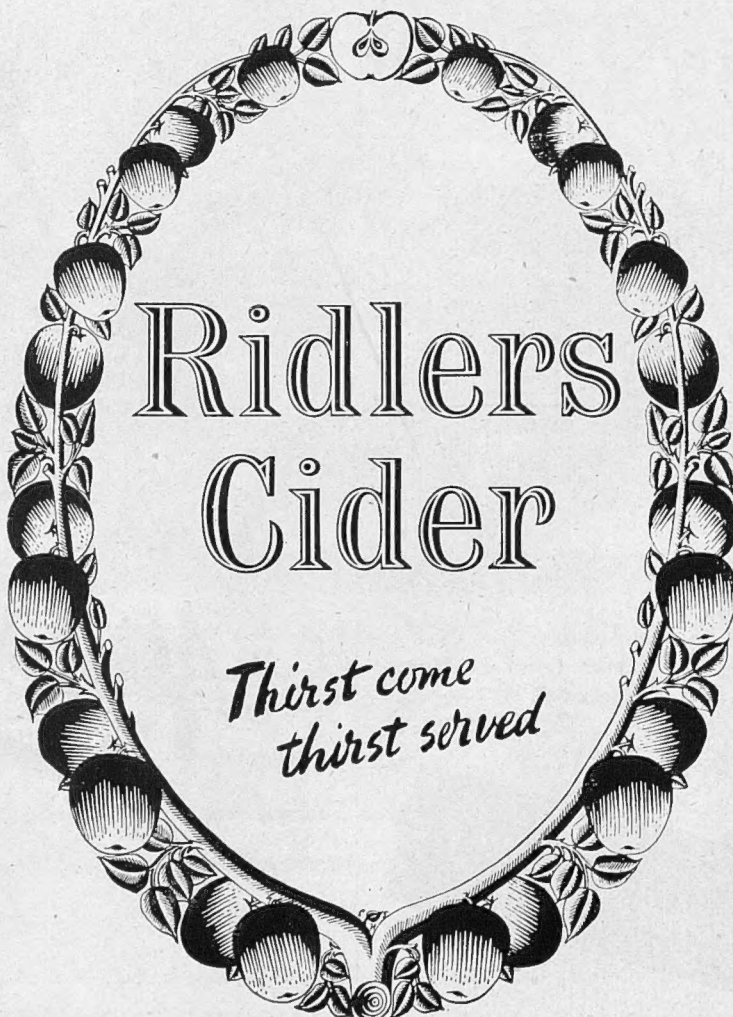


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FEWER TRAINS THIS SUMMER

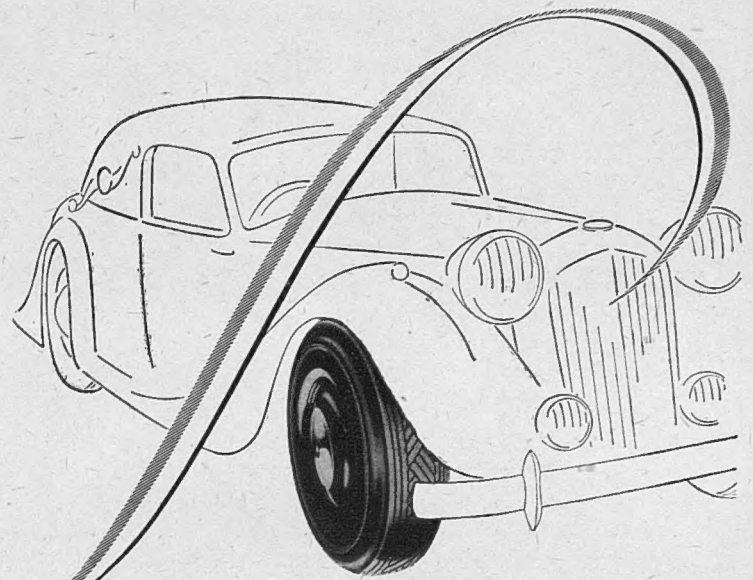
To enable coal to be saved for next winter, the Government has ordered the train services to be cut by 10% from June 16th, as compared with last summer.

The public will understand that this may mean overcrowding on holiday trains at week-ends.

So—

TRAVEL MID-WEEK IF YOU CAN

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Avon Tyres not only enhance the appearance of the fine cars of to-day, but provide a measure of comfort and safety which is unsurpassed.

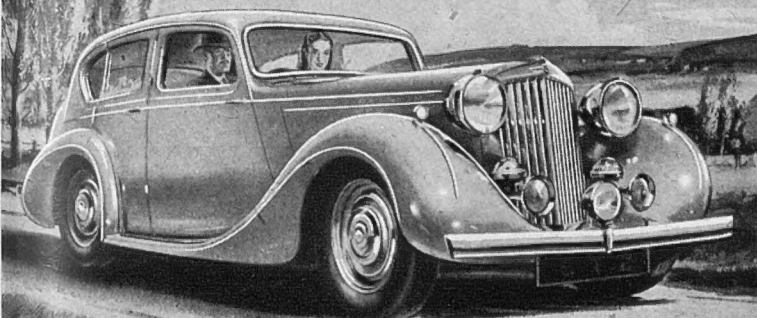


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